
*A Catalogue of some P L A Y S Printed for J. Mag-
 nes and R. Bentley.*

T*Artuff*: or, *The French Puritan*. A Comody acted
 at the Theatre Royal, by their Majesties Servants.
 Written in *French* by the Fam'd Wit of *France*, Mounſieur
Moliner, and made *English* by Mr. *M. Medburn*.

Plays written by Madam *Behne*.

The forc'd Marriage: or, *The Jealous Bridegroom*. A
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Abdelazzar: or, *The Moor's Revenge*. A Tragedy acted
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 Persons of the greatest Quality in *England*.

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THE
VIRTUOUS
WIFE;

O R,
Good Luck at last.

A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
Dukes Theater,
By His *ROYAL HIGHNESS*
His SERVANTS.

WRITTEN
By *THOMAS D'URFEE*, Gent.

In the *SAVOY*:
Printed by T. N. for R. Bentley, and M. Magnes, in *Russel-*
Street, near the *Piazza*, at the Post-house.
Anno Dom. 1680.

347

VIRGILIVS

CHINA

OR

Good Luck as last

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACCEPTED by the

Dukes Theater

By His ROYAL HIGHNESS
His SERVANTS

ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО

By THOMAS D. WELLS, Clerk.

TONNE out of

Printed by T. M. B. & Co.,
Street, near the Palace, at the Printing
House, No. 108.

Prologue

Spoke by Mrs. BARRER.

A *Virtuous Wife! Why what a dam'd mistake!*
The Poet's in, to think this Play can take
Nay, in this age, where Virtue is as scarce
As Truth in Women, Wit in the last Farce,
Or Coin 'mongst the disbanded Sons of Mars,
Who now to th' Farmers Daughters talk of Wars,
Then make 'um trudge to Town with Toothless Brats,
That sprawl in th' Handbasket, and ~~are like~~ *are like* Cats,
No flying from Colours, ~~and the Captain's~~ *and the Captain's* ~~children~~ *children*
Children and ~~Engos~~ *Engos*, ~~kept them always full~~ *kept them always full*,
If our House were but so for every Play,
I do soon desert my *Virtuous* part to day;
A Part, that I am sure, can take with none
But Women, or some Citty, that pays half a Crown
To see this Wife, that he may curse his own
So modish Beldam once did break the Glass
That frighted her, ~~with her dumplings~~ *with her dumplings*, ~~put~~ *put*,
And why then should I play't, faith I'll give o'er
Desert the Muses Cause; and play no more;
For Vnderhil, Jevan Currier, Tony Lee,
Nokes, all have better Characters than me.

Lee peeps out of a little window over the Stage.

Lee, What Mrs. Barrer! hah—What's that you say?
Have I a better Character in th' Play?—
The Devil I have as soon—pox! don't colloque.
I Play a Foel you know, a silly Rogue—
Barr. Say what you please, 'tis written with more Art,
Pray tell the Poet so, and there's his Part.

Lee.

PROLOGUE.

Lee. Hold hold, — 'sdeath are you mad, shall we lye down, } *Throws her*
Lose all our shares, nay, and affront the Town? } *Part away.*
For shame — What 'mongst ourselves have Civil Wars?

Bar. Pith, — I can live without ye, thank my Stars.

Lee. Without us — very fine — gad she provokes —
Come Madam *Lofly* I perceive your Jokes;
This is a Plot, a trick — 'twixt you and *Nokes* —

Nokes *peeps out of a little Window the other side of the Stage.*

Nokes. How me? and what of me, peart brother *Tony*?

Lee. Why Sir, I say you're Mrs *Barrers* Crony,
And teach her to throw up her *Pans*.

Nokes. Ye lye. And you're a Pimp, a Pandarus of *Trey*
A Gripe, a Fumble.

Lee. Nay, and you 'gin to quarrel,
Gad ye're a Swath, a Toby in a Barrel,
Would you were here.

Nokes. I faith would I were there.

Barr. Well, I must do't I see, or lose my share,
Come come — be friends, I'll Act — for once I'll try.

Lee. Why then all's well again — *(Shuts one Window.)*

Nokes. And so say I. — *(Shuts other Window.)*

Barr. Since then I must this virtuous form put on,
That like old fashion'd Clothes, fits well on none.
At least, as you think Gallants, use me well *(To the Audience.)*
Praise me, and lye like any Fiends of Hell —
For if you fail, I'll flie from your illusion,
And turn true virtuous Wife to your confusion.

Drammatis

Drammatic Personæ.

Beverly. A wild extravagant Gentleman, Husband } *Mr. Harris.*
to *Olivia*

Beauford. A young wild unfortunate fellow, al- }
ways engaging himself in Intrigues, but } *Mr. Smith.*
never prospering in any.

Sir Frol. Whim. A humorous old Knight, vexed that }
now he is old, he cannot follow the } *Mr. Jevan.*
vices and debauchery of Youth.

Sir Lub. Wily. His Nephew and Ward, an incor- }
rigible Fool, suitor to my Lady } *Mr. Lee.*
Beardly.

Brainworm. A clownish fellow servant to *Beauford.*

Amble. Servant to *Beverly.*

Crotchett. A Singing-Master.

Mr. Underhill.

Mr. Bowman.

Women.

Olivia. The Virtuous Wife, a witty high spirited }
Woman, Wife to *Beverly.* } *Mrs. Barrer.*

La. Beardly. An amorous impertinent old Woman }
one that has buried three Husbands, } *Mr. Nokes.*
yet still very desirous to be courted.

Jenny Whoad. A Town Jilt, kept by *Beverly* } *Mrs. Carrer.*

Lidia. Sister to *Beverly*, in love with *Beauford.* } *Mrs. Seymour.*

Tiffick. Woman to *Lady Beardly.* } *Mrs. Narrice.*

Goldsmith, Servants, and Attendants.

Scene Chelfey.

Dramatick Personages. CATALOGUE

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*.

Plays Writ by John Dryden, Esq;

Limberdam, or the Kind Keeper.
Mistaken Husband, Part.
Oedipus, King of Thebes.
Notes of Morocco.

Plays Writ by Mr. Lee.

Nero, a Tragedy.
Sophonisba, a Tragedy.
Gloriana, a Tragedy.
Alexander the Great.
Methridates King of Pontus.
Cesar Borgia, Son of Pope Alexander the Sixth.
Oedipus in part, with Esq; D.

Plays Writ by Mr. Crown.

Calisto, Acted by the Lady Mary, and the Lady Anne, and many other of the Greatest Quality at Court.
Andromache, a Tragedy.
Country-Wit, a Comedy.
Destruction of Jerusalem, in Two Parts.

Plays Writ by Mr. Duffey.

Madam Fickell.
Fond Husband.
Root turn'd Critick.
Esquire Old-sap.
Virtuous Wife, all Five Comedies.

Tartuff, a Comedy.
Forced Marriage, a Comedy.
Generous Enemies, a Comedy.
English Morfeur, a Comedy.
All Mistaken, a Comedy.
Town-Fop, a Comedy.
Abdellazor, a Tragedy.
Plain Dealer.

New Novels.

Happy Slave.
Heroyné Musquitteer.
Princes of Cleves.
Maria Manchina.
Obliging Mistriss.
Double Cuckold.
Unfortunate Heroe.
Allmanzor, and Allmanzade.

A
VIRTUOUS
WIFE,

O R,
Good Luck at last.

Act the First. Scene Pallace Guard.

Enter Mr. Beverly, Matilda, Amble, waiting.

Bev.

Prithee good Siren, Sing no more! Do not spread thy Nets to my undoing, nor draw me any further; I am this hour a Man of business. Business, sweet heart, a blessing your Function alwayes must give way to. Therefore, farewell: nay now thou wilt be so troublesome. Sirrah, bid the Coachman make ready.

Matild. Will ye ever use me thus? I swear you are lately grown so ill natur'd, my patience is quite tired—What Business can you have? or if it be so, methinks my Company should outweigh all.

Bever. Well said Lady Vanity—I warrant you think that glance quaintly with the Corner of your eye beares an inestimable value, and not to be possibly deferred.

B

Matild.

2 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Matild. Not I, I assure you—

Bever. O yes! or that the soft *Rosie* inside of your hand, the Index of youth and Wealthy Nature deserves Millions of Kisses from the Charm'd Adorer; ha! come, confess, Is not this your thought?

Matild. I need not answer, Sir, if you were as ready to have a good natur'd Opinion of me, as you are to vent your ill-natur'd Jest. But, since Raillery is your Chief Diversion, I hope I may tell you, that whatever my Person has, my Love I'm sure has deserved better usage from you.

Bever. How better usage! nay, gad, I deny that, except I have dream't all this while—By heaven thou hast like a Usurer, hoarded up my Love for this halfe year, without allowing me wherewith to defray Occasional Expences; and, that Craving Creature that expects more, I think is most unconscionable.

Matild. And that dull Flegmatick Creature, that pays less, I am sure is most ungrateful—But, Is this Raillery obliging d'ee think now? Is this consistent with the Love you have protested? Are these the fruits of passion?

Bever. Passion! sy fy! name it no more! Folly, though but once recited, is too much. 'Tis shameful to hear it twice: besides, Madam, Love and Passion are onely fit for vacant houres, the friends of idleness, and fowl weather, when that Divine Essence our Reason has leisure to let loose our Soules to things transitory—'Tis for a Cloudy season, sweet heart. There's other matters to be perform'd when the Sun shines.

Matild. And pray what do you call Celestial, if Love and Beauty are such transitory things?

Bever. What—Why, Immortal Wit, true Friends, Sprightly Champaign, heavenly Musick, Philosophical Arguments, Exercise, and a number more. Beauty is but a Sewer to these, a Grace Cup, when the great Banquet is ended, and is used by your true Lover, as the last Course, fruit is onely for the sake of Digestion.

Matild. Well—what you please, you know your power over me.

Bever. Ha, ha, ha—Come, I have done. I'll vex thee no more. Thou knowst my peevish temper, and shouldst bear with it—Come, no more of this *April* weather, Heark'ee, I have bespoke a Ring of my Goldsmith for Thee. 'Twill cost me 30 Guinies, and expect it home this morning—let that reconcile all—by heaven I do love Thee.

Matild. You did love me before you were Marry'd: but these Wives are such Covetous Creatures, They'll be sure to grutch a shilling to another, be their own Coffers never so full—

Bever. Then more, to confirm my Love to Thee, know, that I am grown Jealous of my Wife, and fear I have Cause—

Matild.

Good Luck at Last.

3

Matilda. You have often begun to tell me how your Marriage came to effect, and the cause of changing your name—but never ended it.

Bever. Now listen then. There was a Gentleman, one *Beauford*, bred up here at our University, who, about two years since, unfortunately killing a Gentleman in a Duel, was forc'd to fly—but, ere he went, there was a Match propounded by his Father (and for some time secretly carried on by him) betwixt his Son, and my now Wife, the sole Daughter and Heir of the old Lord *Thorough-good*; she never saw *Beauford* but once, and then this misfortune happening, the business was deferred—till he got his Pardon; but, before he could procure it, the old man his Father dy'd, leaving his Estate in Trustees hands, till *Beauford* should come to age. Now, in this juncture, I nearly resembling him in stature, and complexion, and being then passionately in Love with *Olivia*, boldly pursu'd the Plot, and, about six Months since, changing my Name for his, as if I came just then from *Paris*, made my Address; 'Twas doubtful at first, by reason we differ a little in Face; but, telling her I had lately been sick of the Small Pox, which had extremely alter'd me, it pass'd clearly, and in a Weeks time I Married her, then discover'd all, and ask'd her pardon, which she never wou'd grant, and that's the reason of all our Quarrels and Jealousies—

Matilda. But, What will you do, when the real *Beauford* returns?—
'twill be no easie matter to perswade him out of his Name.

Bever. Nor he me out of my Wife; and, to deal freely, I expect him every day. For, his Friends have got his Pardon, and expect his return suddenly. How now!

Enter Amble.

Amble. Sir, my Lady is walking down this way.

Bever. Begon then my Dear. 'Tis not fit she see thee: but, be sure you come to morrow to my House, I'll contrive some way to shift her off, and then wee'll waste an hour or two alone.

J. Whead. Will you be sure to remember, a Wife is such a Magick kind of Creature, that I am afraid you'll forget me.

Bever. I won't, my honor on my word.

J. Whead. And, Will you still remember your poor Love?

Bever. While my Life lasts.

J. Whead. Will you indeed?

Bever. Indeed I will; see, yonder she's coming, prithee goe.

J. Whead. Well then adue—What, won't you kiss me at parting? Lord, that a Wife should so alter a Man, a Kiss sure can't be mis't.

Bever. No, not a Thousand; but prithee now be gone, I am afraid she see's thee—

(Kisses her.)
Amble.

4 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Amble, wait on her home, and then go to the Goldsmith, and see if the Ring be done—*De'e hear!*

Amble. Yes Sir,—

(*Exit Amble and J. Whaddle.*)

Bever. Here she comes, now for a Scene of Love, Marriage-gallantry, which, in our modish sence is down-right Railing, the effect of Jealousy and Negligence, and as natural to the Marry'd-Tribe, as want of honesty is to those that profess it—hem—pray heaven I have but breath enough, that's all my fear.

(*Enter Olivia and Rose.*)

Oliv. What alone Sir! at this time of day, and musing too, this is a miracle, not one of your Brothers of the Bottle here, nor Dear Friends of 'other Sex, to keep off-pelting Melancholly—this is very strange.

Bever. Let there be no Scandals rais'd upon the Bottle, I beseech you Madam, for, to my knowledge, the Wine within that Bottle has been a Blessing to a Man, when his Impertinent VVife has been a Plague to him.

Oliv. Pardon me, Sir, think not that I find fault with the VVine, for that is our Friend as much as yours, and often to oblige us, makes the Jealous Husband sleep soundly; That the VVedlock-Bed may be free from his Midnight unseasonable railing.

Bever. Nay, rather, we may be free from your unreasonable Imperinencies; those houres Nature allows us for rest, you take the privilege to disturbe with your damn'd Questions; and, gad I have often answer'd e'm as Children say their Prayers, so between sleep and awake—that I have never consider'd my own words, nor your satisfaction.

Oliv. My satisfaction---I dare swear you did not, for if you had, you would have slept soundly, slept, Sir, as you us'd to do those nights, when you have been weary with the Dayes Fatigue. Your Mouth open, as if you were swallowing the Jealous Aire, that was to be vented against me the next morning, and snoring in such a horrid VVhistling Tone, such a Barbrous Untunable Key—that the poor Bellman has often stood frighted at the dore, with the apprehension of Ghosts and Murders.

Bever. VVhat's this? I snore? I tell thee, Thou most intollerable provoking VVoman! No Man in Christendom sleeps more silently than I, or with a clearer Conscience, I thank Providence—

Oliv. Nay, talk not of Conscience, Sir, for that, to my knowledge is in your Mistresses power, and she keeps it close shut up in the same purse where she keeps her Guinnyes.

Bever. I a Mistress!—gad would I could get one at a reasonable rate, that I may be reveng'd on Thee! well, I'll comfort my self with the hopes, that there may a chance happen, and then thank your self, that are so ill furnish'd with new Charms. That your

very

Good Luck at Last.

5

very expressions, and sometimes Dress is grown old-fashion'd, and faith I ever hated Stale-Wares I confess. They were never for my purchase.

Oliv. Stale! what is it you think so Stale Sir?

Bever. Why, a Wife of six moneths standing is Stale I think; what a pox—would you have?

Oliv. 'Tis the corruption of Matrimony that make us so, if we are. Mix Gold with Lead, and see if the baseness of the one—does not Eclipse the luster of the other.

Bever. Ay that Luster you speak of; is so soon vanish'd, that a man ought to be of a good sound faith, to believe 'tis to be found in any Woman, much less in the married Tribe—for a Woman's like a false Guinney, that at first being little worn, might perhaps pass current, but once tryed by the Touchstone-Mariage, is found damnable counterfeit, and good for nothing.

Oliv. And to requite your Simile, Sir, a dull Husband is like an ill clock, he always strikes false, and is ever mending, and were it not for fashion sake, I swear, I think we had better have none.

Bever. The Devil's in her, she will have the last word, and I must be gone in my own defence. Well Madam, I have other business now than to stand chatting with you; but assure your self, I shall find a time to requite your Repartee: and so adieu dear Wife.

Oliv. Your servant dear Husband.

(*Fleering.*

Bever. Very well. There's no harm in this I hope.

Exit.

Enter Lidia.

Lidia. Sister, your punishment is like to increase, who d'ye think's coming yonder?

Oliv. I cann't imagine, prethee who?

Lidia. *Beauford*: the real *Beauford* is return'd, has got his pardon, and is just come to Town; I overttook him just now, he and his Man are coming down this way.

Oliv. Now Husband be kind to me, if thou canst, thou never hadst more cause. Come, let's make haste away, for I dare not let him know me now.

Lid. For fear of your Husband I warrant! well, if this be the Fate of Marriage, Heaven keep me in a better mind.

Exeunt.

Enter Beauford and Brainworm.

Beauf. Sirrah, this is the place where we must first pitch our Tent in pursuance of my designe. 'Twas here I had the misfortune of the Duel, which has since done me so much injury in causing my absence, for at that time I had commenced two Intrigues, that would have sufficiently recompenc'd my trouble, if the Devil had not ruled in the air, and hedg'd me into that quarrel.

Brain.

6 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or:

Brain. Ah Sir! he rules in the Earth as well as the Air, and where there's any Wine or Women to be had, you may be sure the Devil's not far off. But come Sir, my Charge, where lodges the Fairy that I am to be Ambassador to? I guess my Office, I am to be Pimp-General still.

Beauf. No sirrah; you must help me to contrive how to speak with *Olivia*; a fine Woman, and think I shall be welcome. But d'ye hear, do'nt let me relye upon my own invention; for 'tis forty to one but I spoil all, for I am the unluckiest fellow at an Intrigue, I believe, that ever breath'd. I have run through more hazards than ever Don *Quixot* did, and I think have often escap'd as ill.

Brain. No faith Sir; you have done very well for your time, I think you were not pump't and beaten above three times about your last business, were you Sir?

Beauf. No Rascal, not pump't at all: but the truth is, I was three times swing'd confoundedly.

Brain. Ha, ha, ha! great pity in good faith: but see the difference in Constitutions now: I warrant another man would have been such a fool to have left off, and ventur'd no more, and now you are ready for another beating.

Beauf. A Mistress, but not beating Rascal, nor had the last prevail'd so, had I not been overpower'd; but the Devil's in't, my damn'd fortune still jades me, for when I have brought a Plot just to perfection, by some awkward negligent action or other, I am sure to spoil all agen, and then if no skirmish happen, 'tis ten to one but I am disgrac'd, and that's all one: as for example, When I was in Town last, dining at a Judges House, whilst he was in his study settling some Law-business, I took the boldness to make Love to his Wife.

Brain. A very pretty boldness truly—and yet I think you never saw her before, Sir.

Beauf. Never not I; pox, I never consider acquaintance in these cases: well, she was tollerable handsome faith, and of a good complexion, but had one damnable fault.—

Brain. What, Squinting eies, or rotten Teeth?

Beauf. Neither sirrah, but damnably given to take tobacco, and very inclinable to drink Brandy: but in short, we agreed about the business, very well, and faith in a little time were grown very intimate.

Brain. Ay, very intimate; I knew 'twould come to that, a fine Intimacy indeed; why Sir, do you never intend to have any consideration? What cuckold a Judge? O Lord! a Reverend Judge—if you should happen to be a Plotter now, and come to have any Sessions-house business, you'll be in a fine condition, hang'd at least:—
Mercy on us a Judge!

Beauf. A Judge! ay a Judge. What a devil is that such a wonder now! Sirrah, here was the Mischief, My Lord, and she lay in

Good Luck at Last.

ACT IV. 7

two several Chambers, and I being commanded thither, came one night with my friend, and lay in another room close by; about midnight I had occasion to rise, and go to my Lady to discourse with her about, some very secret business.

Brainw. Ay ay! Law Cafes State politicks, and such like.—

Beauf. Right sirrah — but returning back agen—in the dark—as the devil would have it, that always helps me out at a dead lift—I thank him—instead of going into the right chamber to my friend—I makes into the other room, and goes to bed to my Lord.—

Brainw. Ha! ha! ha! very fine indeed —

Beauf. There did I tell him (thinking it had been my friend) all that had past between me and this Lady, of a Jewel she gave me, and what time was appointed for our meeting agen—in fine so much, that the poor old man was e'en out of his wit—for he cries out murder, calls up his servants, hunts about for his sword, and had certainly kill'd me, if in this amazement I had not jump't out of the Window into the Garden, and with the hazard of my Neck and Legs, made my escape: But what became of my sleeping friend, Heaven knows, I have neither seen him nor her since.

Brain. Why faith, Signior, this was ill Luck, that's the truth on't; but what if it should be catching now, and that I by following your ill fortune, should have the ill fortune to be hang'd for company—I question whether the wages you give would make me amends.

Beauf. Ah sirrah— your cowardize would be sure to secure you.

Brain. How now! who are these?

*Enter Sir Frolick Whimsy, Sir Lubberly Widgeon,
and Singing Master.*

Beauf. I know 'em, 'tis *Sir Frolick Whimsy*, an excellent old humourist, one so much in love with the debauchery and vices of youth—that he is always complaining of his Age and Impotence, tother is his Nephew, and Ward, one *Sir Lubberly Widgeon*, an incorrigible fool, and so us'd.

Sing-M. Sol, la, me, fa, sol, la— Come Sir begin.

Beauf. Hark, a Singing-Master I'll lay my life, let's stand by and listen.

Sir Frol. Give me patience, must I still be thus tormented? troth *Sir Lubberly*—let me tell you—ye are a very provoking fellow, and had not your Father conjur'd me on his death-bed, to look after, ye, and breed ye up well, you should have look'd a Guardian for me, you should *Sir Lubberly*.—

Sing-M. Come Sir, pray be rul'd, and sing your Notes—Sol, la, come Sir, sol, la, me— Come.

Sir Frol. Oh give me patience! not yet—Sir, do not provoke me. Do not I say—s'bud sing, and quickly, or by this hand.

Sir

8 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Sir L. Widg. Well come what is't? what is't? s'bud must I be made a fool thus? — Well come tis all one, what is't?

Sing-M. Sol, sol.

Sir L. Widg. Sol, sol — look now — What the devil has he to do with my soul! Oh Lord! must I be thus us'd? sirrah! you are a Canting Rascal, and sing worse than the Vinegar-man, or Clark of Pankridge! sirrah, you are — oh gods bud, must I be thus us'd?

Sing M. Ay 'tis no matter, 'tis no matter Sir, I must bear with ye! Come sing your Note Come, Sol, la, me —

L. Widg. Sol, sol — la me — pox I shall never do't — no no, I shall never — why this is worse than learning the Catechism, and saying it at Church without book. —

Sing-M. Well — I must have patience — This is common with beginners, I must bear with ye.

Sir Frol. Bear with him! hang him! a Dunce! a Cuckoo! no time, no tune, no ear — ah — hadst thou but known me a young man, I would have made thee ashamed of this Sir, believe me, I had the prettiest way of singing.

Sing-M. Sings very well Sir *Frollick*, and very well in Tune.

L. Widg. Ay very well, ha, ha, you lying Son of a whore! very well quotha, profoundly, he sings worse than the prisoners at Newgate (*To buy us bread*) ah that's heavenly to't.

Sir Frol. Sir *Lubberly*, you are a foolish fellow, and must, God mend me, be taught more manners! give me patience! is it fit for you to defame on a person of my age and experience? go to — ah, Mr. *Crotchet*, I am the most unfortunate person! I am grown old o'th' sudden, as 'twere, I know not how, all my good parts lost, quite lost as God save me. I am a Cipher now — good for nothing.

Sing-M. Oh think not so Sir, you are a lussy man. Now Sir, to divert you, I'll sing you a merry Song. 'Tis not customary with us Professors — but to oblige you Sir —

Sir Frol. Thank you good Mr. *Crotchet*.

S O N G

I Et the Traitors plot on, till at last they'r undone,
By hurting their Brains to decoy us;
We whose hearts are at rest, in our Loyalties Blest,
What Demon or Power can annoy us?
Ambition like Wine, does the Senses confound,
And Treason's a damnable thing.
Then let him that thinks well, see his Brimmer go round,
And pray for the Safety, and Life of the K I N G
Chorus.

Good Luck at Last.

9

Chorus.

Let Cæsar Live long, let Cæsar live long,
For ever be happy, and ever be young;
And he that dares hope to change a King for a Pope,
Let him die, let him die, while Cæsar lives long.

How happy are we! when our thoughts are all free,
And blest in our forced Obedience;
Whilst the politick fool that's Ambitious to Rule,
Still banks at the Oath of Allegiance:
He trembles and flies from his numerous foes,
Like a Dear that the Hunters surround;
While we that hate all, that would Monarchs depose,
Make the joys of our hearts, like our Glasses abound.

Chorus.

Let Cæsar live long, let Cæsar live long,
For ever be happy, and ever be young;
And he that dares hope to change a KING for a Pope,
Let him die, let him die, while Cæsar lives long.

Ay, this is something. Well — you have notable skill on my word
Sir — ha! certainly if I am not very much mistaken, your name
is *Beauford* Sir.

Beauf. The same Sir, and ever servant to Sir *Frollick Whimsy*.

Brainw. Or his Wife.

Beauf. Sir *Lubberly*, I have an ambition to kiss your hand.

Sir L. Widg. Sir, that ambition shall be forthwith satisfied.

Sing-M. Sir *Frollick* — I'll wait on your Nephew to morrow: I
see now you are engaged —

Sir Frol. Your servant Sir — but Mr. *Beauford*, could I have ima-
gin'd you would have been such a stranger, and kept your affair so

C

close

10 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

close from your friend: Troth I must tell you I take it ill——

Beauf. Sir! you know 'twas fit a business of that nature should be carried with all secrecie imaginable—for if I had been taken c'r I could have got my pardon.——

Sir Frol. Ah Sir! you are merry Sir, and shoot wide o'th' mark. But to come nearer to ye, 'tis matter of marriage I mean. Mc-thinks Mr. *Beauford* I might have been trusted.

Beauf. Doubtless Sir, very safely. Marriage Sir, What a devil does he mean?

Brain. Nay I know not, but my Corns ake; I am afraid here's some mischief towards.

Beauf. How d'ye *Sir Frollick*? I believe you are not well.

Frol. Well in person, Sir, but in troth my Mind is disordered, I cannot drink, Sir; if I could but drink, my affliction would be the less, but I am the most unfortunate creature, I cannot last a moneth, that's certain, unless my faculty of drinking returns——

Sir L. Widg. Eating signifies nothing, he never was the better for that——

Beauf. No!

Sir Frol. Sir—I have known ye the time, when I should have drunk ye 2 4 6 8 bottles at a sitting, and been never the worse, give me patience, now halfe a pint makes me drunk, dead drunk Sir—I am almost out of my wits—distracted—I cannot bear it.

(weeps.)

Beauf. You must have patience Sir, was ever such an old coxcomb?

Sir Frol. What to be drunk with halfe a pint—by *Bacchus* 'tis intolerable——Pray how does your Wife *Mr. Beauford*, is she breeding yet?

Beauf. My Wife!

Brain. How! his Wife—why Sir he has no Wife.

Sir Frol. No Wife—ha ha! you had best perswade me to that, why I came by your house not above two hours agoe, and saw her at a window——

Sir L. Widg. And I kiss her yesterday as she was coming out of the Church——

Beauf. Hey-day—why sure I am in *Fairy-Land*, a Wife and Family that every body knows, and I not know her my self.

Brain. Harkee Sir, for Heaven's sake let's away, for I believe that old Gentleman is bewitcht, and who knows but the Devil may have power over us too if we stay——

Sir Frol. Nay—you may strive to carry it as secretly as you please Sir. But what I know I know, you have a house here in *Chelsey*.—a Wife and a Family, and have been married above six moneths.

Beauf. Thank ye heartily Sir, faith 'tis the first time I knew on't.

Brain. 'Tis so—the Devil is in him for certain.

Enter

Good Luck at Last.

Enter Peter with a Ring.

Peter. Pray Gentlemen, which is Mr. *Beauford's* house?

Sir Brut. Thou needst go no farther fellow—here he is himself.

Beauf. My name is *Beauford* friend, hast thou any business with me?

Peter. No great business an't please your worship, only I have brought your Worship the Ring your Worship bespoke of my Master.

Beauf. The Ring? I has—

Brain. Ownds! These are the finest Witches I ever heard of.

Peter. My Master says, if your Lady do not like the fashion, she may have it altered—but for the Stones, he dares repose; they are as good as ever she wore, and of the right black Water, and true Luster.

Beauf. Pok—but what is it to me?

Peter. Nay, e'en what your Worship pleases, 'tis at your dispose now—

Brain. Why Sir—you know you bespoke it for my Lady—see the defect of Memory now; Ownds! I remember it as well, as if it were but yesterday. Take it Sir, 'tis right.

Beauf. Well, what's the purchase friend?

Peter. Alas! I know not Sir, your Worship and my Master must agree for that.

Brain. Ay ay! a very honest fellow i' faith, and of a good pleasing Physiognomy—harkee! hast thou nothing for me friend? hah?

Peter. Oh gods me! yes, your name I think is *Amble*, Mr. *Beauford's* man?

Brain. My name is *Trot*, Cousin-German to *Amble*, and thou see'st I am his man. Thou canst not be mistaken.

Peter. No no mistaken; I remember, I think I saw you once at the *Talbot* drinking of Mumm with my Cousin *Scuttle-brain*.

Brain. Ay the same the same. Well, *Scuttle-brain's* an honest fellow—i' faith he and I have been old Cronies.

Peter. Have you so, Jack-a-day! Well Sir, here's your Watch, 'tis very well done, I assure you; and Sir, my Master bid me tell you, if you can spare that little Money now, 'twill do him a kindness.

Brain. Well, when my Master payes him for the Ring, tell him—

Peter. Very well Sir, your servant—I'll tell him so, god bouy to your Worship.

Beauf. Friend, thou hadst best stay and take thy Money, for fear thou see'st that nor me no more.

Peter. Ah God bless your Worship, you're a merry man. See ye no more, quotha? there's a jest indeed.

Brain. Ay, he jests, he jests—he's a wagger. Go, thou'rt a very honest

12 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or.

honest fellow—See him no more quotha—ha ha—

Sir Frol. What think you of this now Sir? you have no House, no Wife, no Family, not you I warrant ye, this amazes ye—

Beauf. Gad and so it does—

Brain. Signior, I think 'tis best to draw off with the purchase, lest it be pursu'd and retaken—

Sir Frol. Well Mr. *Beaufort*, your care in obscuring your Wife, has made me long to see my own. For know Sir, that since I saw you last, I am married too, and, tho I say it, to a Beauty, tho I do not exclude her from the view of the world as you do your—but you doubtless have some reason for it—and I'll urge it no further, and so farewell—*Exit.*

Beauf. How? he married, and to a young Woman? I must know more of this; Sir *Lubberly*, a word with you. Prethee what young Lady is it your Uncle has married—hah—

Sir L. Widg. Ha—what is she? why wou'd you know now, wou'd you know—gad it won't do—hahaha! not a word of the Pudding not I—ha ha! are you thereabout faith?

S I N G S.

Rosie Cheeks and dimpled Chin,
Slow Will of Stenson.

Cole-black Eyes, and Milk-white Skin,

Oh! pretty Pegg of Benson.

Beauf. The devil take thee for a positive fool; well I must leave it for time to discover—as to the rother business, the old Knight; and this Ring—give me sufficient cause to believe, I am mistaken for another—be it so; 'Tis but fortune thrown upon me, and none of my seeking. Come sirrah! I have an old Aunt here in Town that I must instantly visit, she's call'd my Lady *Brardly*. Her character I'll give thee as we go along—how now, who's this?

Brain. Hah! I know not; I hope another Witch with a bag of Money.

Enter Rose, and delivers Beauford a Letter and Exit.

Beauf. What a silent Message, and no an answer to be given? *(Reads.)* Your name has betray'd both you and me—for by that means I am married to the wrong person. Seek not to infringe the Marriage vow, since 'tis too late. And I charge ye, never disturb my evenings Walk. The backside of the Bowling-green—*(Olivia.)*

The

The Devil; What, marry'd to another, and in my name? 'Tis plain now I have been undermin'd, and here's the foundation of all mistakes—'Sdeath, I'll challenge the Rascal instantly. But hold, that will ruine all, for then except I kill him, I shall never have the privilege of seeing her. No — to Cuckold him! There's the revenge. Gad, I have a fair invitation here, and I hope 'twill succeed,

Since he my Mistress got by fraud; By heav'n
I'll get his Wife by Fraud, and then w'are even.

(Exit)

ACT. II.

SCENE, Lady Beardly's House.

Enter Sir Frolick, and Isabella.

Isab.

N

Ay, prithee dear go in with me, my Lady Beardly will take it ill that you should come just to the Door, and then away without seeing her.

Sir Froll. Sweet Heart — my Business is too weighty to be controul'd by your advice. Go get ye in — I'll step over

to the Coffee-house to drink a Dish of Tea, and read the Votes, And then tell her, my Nephew, Sir Lubberly, and I, will wait on her; Get you gone, I say, farewell —

Isab. To read the Votes a very pretty Employment. Well, I will not rail much at thee, nor vex my self; but, this I'll say, he that leaves his Wife when she desires his Company, to read the Votes, deserves to be Voted a Cuckold as long as he lives, did the news never so nearly concern him —

Enter Beauford and Brainworm.

Beauf. Hah! Say'st thou so? gad, this must be a Woman of Judgment by that Sentence, Sirrah, thou shalt see me board her.

Brain. What, in your Aunts house; and, the first thing you do? 'sbud, Sir, you ruine your self.

Beauf. Hah — this damn'd Rogue goes alwayes about to hinder my fortune: Sirrah, I'll tell thee I'll do't. What a pox thou shalt see me fetch her about Immediately.

Brain. Sir:

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Brain. Sir, tho' I am sensible you do not value a beating, yet, by your favour, I do: It does not agree with my Constitution, and therefore I shall make an honourable retreat——

Beauf. I vow to gad, Madam, there was so much wit and reason in what you said, that it was impossible for me but to be of your opinion; and, if you would take my advice, Madam——

Brain. She should Cuckold her Husband the first thing she did.

Isab. Oh heaven's, *Beauford!*

Beauf. What, my dear sweet charming *Isabella*—— Is it you? a thousand thanks to Fortune for this encounter: What a dull Rogue was I not to know thee sooner? for, Who but she could have spoken so much Wit and Reason in one sentence?

Isab. I was no doubt inspir'd, by having you so near me; but, you'd say, I have some reason for my sentence, if you knew all——

Beauf. Knew all——Why faith 'tis a little unreasonable, that I that have known all so often, should now know but a part. Come, be free with me——Prishee what is't?

Brainw. Hah! Why, what so familiar already? 'sbud he has fetcht her about indeed——Well——go thy wayes Bully, thou hast a very dextrous way at it, I'll say that for thee.

Isab. Why then to thy Continual Torment be it spoken, know thou miserable Creature, that I am Marry'd, and have been so almost these two years.

Beauf. The Devil thou hast. 'sdeath! What a Thunder-clap was that? Marry'd——

Isabell. Marry'd, Wedded; nay, (and what's worse, and what I fear, will eternally torture thee,) I have, like an imprudent Creature as I was, strictly bound my self to the Tyrant Conscience, utterly to forsake all wild Company, Knit Night-Caps for my Husband, and live honestly——

Beauf. How! honest too! nay then farewell—— Oh fleeting World! but, I hope, thou art in jest, my dear, for all this.

(Falls down and counterfeits.)

Isabell. 'Tis too true, Sir. The Fates have so decreed it. But, however, one spark of Comfort shall be yours, least you despair; Therefore know, tho I am Married, my Husband is old——

Beauf. Old——oh! that's some amends however. *(Rises up.)*

Brainw. Oh! is that some amends——ha, ha, ha!——here are more Hornes a making; for, I never knew his eyes twinkle so in a morning, but some body or other was a Cuckold before night.

Isab. Ha, ha, ha!——well, Sir, now I have a little reviv'd your drooping spirits——I must take the privilege of departing——I have a visit to make to my Lady *Beardly*; besides, 'tis not for my Credit to be seen with such a young wild fellow—for, Who knows what people will think——

Beauf.

Beauf. No more than they have occasion to think I dare answer for 'em—but, Madam, you will not be so inhumane, to go away without giving me leisure to express my self a little; 'tis just like giving a Man a strong Cordial to fetch him to a minutes life, that afterwards he may die in more torture.

Isabell. If Life were concern'd, Sir, perhaps I might be more merciful; but, yours is but a kind of Mungrel Epilepsie, a Politick Fit, Sir—and you Gallants use it, as Beggars do counterfeit Scars, only to procure pity, which having, you laugh at us. Wou'd there was order taken that you might be whipt for every such offence.

Brainw. How, whipt! 'sbud, I hope 'tis not come to that; come, good Sir, come away.

Beauf. Peace, Rascal—but, Madam, do but hear me a little.

Isabell. Not a word, Sir; the times are alter'd: and, heaven forgive us what is past: it shall be my endeavor to procure it.

Brainw. Amen—well, I am glad 'tis no worse—this shows the woman has some Religion in her however.

Isabell. To which purpose I will go every morning to the Chappel, and desire, in my Devotions, to be free from impertinent lew'd Company: and then return home, and, like a true Wife, spend all the rest of the day in my Melancholy Apartment; and my Nights in the Bed of Honor.

(Exit, smiling on Beauford.)

Beauf. To the Chappel—very well; I understand ye faith—the Devil's in't if I do not thrive at this rate—this is the second Affignation I have made within this hour, and luckily with my two quondam Mistresses that I was in quest of—*Olivia* I had design'd to profit by, but, it seems, I have been undermin'd by treachery; but, Sirrah, this last was mine for pleasure—who now is also Married; and, no doubt, a great comfort to her Husband.

Brainw. A very great Comfort—a Whore is a very great Comfort to her husband without doubt.

Beauf. Sirrah, no bug words, there was no Whoredom in the Case; no, faith, I'll say that for her, she never took a penny of Money.

Brainw. Oh, oh; then 'tis another case if she took no money: 'tis impossible she should be a Whore, if she took no Money; ha, ha—

Beauf. Ay, Rascal, 'tis unreasonable that terme should be given her: but, a pox, I have forgot one material thing, to know her Husbands Name; but, no matter, I shall know all when I meet her in the Chappel to morrow. I am resolv'd to venture thither, though I am afraid the Dogs will bark me out again; and, by that means, let the Congregation know, how much I am a stranger to the place.

Brainw. Sir, the truth is, I ever thought your Religion, and the Courage of a Town-Bully, were very like; for, you care no more for the Church, without the design of making an Intrigue there, than he cares to fight with a resolute Fellow, when he has the convenience of running away from him.

Beauf. Very

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Beauford. Very well; but, What the *Dévil* makes my old Lady Aunt so long a coming? I believe she has taken Phisick to day.

Brainworm. Phisick? Why, Has she been given to that, and alive still?

Beauford. Face--Phisick, I mean, Sirrah: *Fucus, white Mercury*, Fat of Eccles, and *Jews Tincture*, with which she does so mortifie deformity, that her Face in a morning looks like an old Wall new plaister'd; her head is unthatch't, like an old Parsonage, thirteen hairs on one side, and three on t'other, and her eyes like lights at the last snuff: her Chin was long since befriended with a *China* Beard of comely thickness, but, t'has been so unmercifully us'd with her Pincers, that instead of one dimple, she has made forty: Natures hand thook when she was making, for the white of her skin fell into her eyes, the gray of her eyes into her hair, and the red of her Cheeks upon her Nose.

Brainworm. A very beautiful Creature in good faith.

Beauford. Then she is the most Amorous Sibill, that ever spoke waggish Prophecy; entertains all the young Fops in the Town, and to end all, has that unnatural——impudence to think some of 'em are in love with her. Pox on her, were I not to have Money of her, I'de ride the wooden Horse e're be troubled with her impertinence.

A Chair }
set on. }

Enter Lady Beardsly, Tisick, Page, holding
up Beardsly's Train.

L. Beardsly. Dear Coz——wellcome to England, I protest I am as glad to see you as if you were my own Son, born of my own body——thanks good Coz in troth——you kiss comfortably——and pray let me return it——very good in truth, come, you are my own flesh and blood, therefore this is no indecency.

Brainworm. If one of her teeth had dropt into his mouth, that would have been a small indecency I'me sure.

Beauford. None, none Madam, you do me a great honour.

L. Beardsly. Why you are grown a handsome Man, in troth, Coz——tall, well-set, and strait-limb'd, your leg too very well——come, I say little, but I have known the time when a good leg has been no detestable object.

Beauford. Mine is but indifferent——but I am glad your Ladyship likes it.

L. Beardsly. In good faith 'tis well, very well——and good Coz: how does my Brother do? I warrant he's grown an old grave Man by this time. Heaven bless us, I have not seen him this many a year. *Tisick*, reach me the great Elbow Chair.

Beauford. Hearty, hearty, but much troubled with the gout.

L. Beard.

L. Beard. Alack-a-day, Is he so? — well, he has been a Wagg in his days — lord bless us! I vow he has lov'd a Wench better then a Psalm-book, 'Cóz: that he has o' my word.

Beauf. Not unlikely, Madam, but I never heard he kept any.

L. Beardsly. Did ye not? well, that's all one if he did, 'twas privately with discretion, and not like our Gimcracks now-adayes; yes, yes, he had a little itching that way, but, in troth, as godly a Religious Conscientious Man every one knows.

Beauf. Faith, I alwayes held him so: but, Madam, I think Nature intends to renew your Lease of Life for ever; methinks you look younger than you did when I saw you last.

L. Beard. *Tisick!* give me my Glasse — Why truly I think I am not Contemptible for one of my age. This face, with a little setting out may serve.

Beauf. To fright Children into Convulsions — Pray how do your Ladships Teeth hold out Madam?

L. Beard. Oh Cozen! there you strike me! nor can I without Teares Remember my affliction, my mouth is almost desolate, Sir — I have but five and a stump — *(Weeps.)*

Beauf. But five — faith, time has been a little Cruel — but, Madam, you have this Comfort, your Gums will last Cawdle-prooffe a long time.

L. Beard. Small Comfort, alas, the Marks gone, the Marks gone; 'tis this that ruins the Designs of all Ladies of my age: We can make shift to hide our hair, and our Aches, and our Wrinkles line; But come to your Business, Coz. I warrant you want Money.

Beauf. A little, I confess, for the finishing a Design I have, Madam — 50 Guinies wou'd do my Business.

L. Beard. 50 Guinies — Well, you shall not want 50 Guinies to further any good design. *Tisick,* go fetch me the Green Purse in my Cabinet — *Ex. Tisick.* What a Mistress I warrant. Come, discover, it may be I may find 50 more if I like it.

Beauf. D'ee hear that Sirrah? we shall rowle in Money — why then to be free with ye Madam — 'Tis about a Mistress — There is a Lady here in *Chelsey*, one *Olivia*.

L. Beard. Well — There is so — What of her?

Beauf. She was formerly my Mistress: but, since my last Misfortune, was got from me by Treachery. However, I believe I might be receiv'd still, and if I had this Money to set my self out —

L. Beard. — You could Cuckold her Husband, cou'd you, *what and must* — I'll be your Bawd about this Business — and to *Olivia* too my Kinswoman, a near Neighbour — In the name of Vertue! This is a very fine design indeed, must I be your Bawd — No Sir, no; I'll put a stop to this presently — you shall have no Catterwawling Mony of me I assure you — if you'll be content

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with the allowance your Father left you — so — if not — I have no Catterwawling Money for ye, and so your servant — ods-heartlikins, must I be your Bawd — (Exit.)

Brainw. Hark ye Sir — Pray do me the favour to change me a Tester, I know you rowle in Money —

Beauf. Damn'd Rogue, must you play upon my misfortune too. Well, I see my damn'd Luck is coming to torment me agen — Death that I should be such a Fool to tell her name! and *Olivia*, who, whatever she really is, was alwayes accompted vertuous — pox on't — Well, I must be very impudent — deny, I meant her, and so bring it about as well as I can — hah — here comes Sir *Frollick Whimsy* — I'll try him —

Enter Sir Frollick.

Sir Froll. Mr. *Beauford*, your Servant — I have been mediating for you within, but my Lady is very angry; pray, What was the matter? What Lady is that he speaks of?

Beauf. Ah Sir! onely a small Mistake: My asking for Mony was the Cause of her anger, if the Truth were known. But, she shall find I value as little to receive her kindness, as she does to pay e'm: And, Sir *Frollick*, since 'tis my good fortune to meet you so opportunely, I will presume to request the favour of you that she has deny'd; onely to lend me 50 Guinnies — for a Design I have Sir — you shall have what security you please.

Sir Froll. Sir, the word of a Gentleman is to me sufficient security. I think I have the sum about me, and it shall be the sooner yours — because you say it is upon Design. Pray, What Lady is it — I did love an Intrigue my self when I was young — a Cock of the Game I — but now by heaven I can do nothing — No earthly thing upon my Faith; but come, discover, good Mr. *Beauford* —

(Speaks this as he is ting the Money.)

Brain. My fit of staking is come upon me agen — here's more Mischiefe hatching — good Sir — have a care, this may be a trick.

Beauf. Sirra — in stead of *Olivia*, I'll tell him of *Isabella* — gad, I'll be cunning enough this time — I warrant thee, Sir *Frollick*, I am so well satisfy'd with your wisdom, and secrefry, that I can hide nothing from you. Therefore know, Sir, that this Lady my Aunt spoke of has been my intimate acquaintance a great while —

Sir Froll. Very well Sir — a single or a married Woman I beseech you?

Beauf. By good Fortune marry'd Sir — since my last voyage, which is so much the better for my design; for you know, a Husband is the most necessary thing imaginable in such a case; it makes the pleasure greater

Good Luck at Last.

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greater by the safety, and the sin more sweet, by being the less easie to be discover'd—

Sir Froll. It does so introth, it does so; but, her name, good-Mr. Beauford, her name?

Beauf. Faith, Sir *Frollick*, to tell her Name is not so like a Man of Honor—but, you are so obliging, that I can keep nothing from you; and, though 'tis true we have been very intimate, very exceeding intimate—yet I presume to tell you—my dear Friend, will no way be a blemish to her reputation—Therefore, know Sir—the is call'd by the Name of the Incomparable *Isabella*—

Sir Froll. What, Sir—Pray that agen!

Beauf. *Isabella*, Sir.

Sir Froll. The Devil—what, my Wife—give me patience—give me patience!

Beauf. Now, Sir—the Devil's in't, I am utterly unacquainted with the old Cuckold her Husband, and am damnably afraid of betraying my self to him—

Sir Froll. Ah—no fear of that Sir—I warrant he's a very dull Rascally Fellow—hah—

Beauf. Dull—why she sayes her self, she believes he has not been a Man this 20 years.

Sir Froll. O give me patience—

(*aside.*)

Beauf. But, no matter, she revenges her self some way or other, for, if I am not very much mistaken, she's with Child now.

Sir Froll. With Child—By the pleasure of generation I lay not with her these ten Moneths—O give me patience!

(*aside.*)

Beauf. Now, Sir, as good fortune would have it, meeting her here just now accidentally—she appointed an Assignment with me to morrow Morning in the Chappel—

Sir Froll. In the Chappel!

Beauf. Ay, Sir—ha, ha—Is it not a witty Rogue? and this Money that you are pleas'd to lend me, is to Treat her, with a little at first, you know 'tis but civil, for in a little time I expect three times that sum from her; and, to morrow the business is to be concluded: for, there we are to plot how to meet undiscover'd by that Jealous, Crazy, Feeble, Impotent Cuckold her Husband—ha, ha, ha—

Sir Froll. Oh the Devil! this is most insufferable—but by *Heroules*—I'll be so reveng'd—In the first place let me tell you—that you are the Son of a Whore: in the second place, you shall have not a penny of Money—and thirdly, I am resolv'd to have instant satisfaction.

Beauf. Satisfaction, For what, Sir?—I hope you have no concern with this Lady—she's no Relation of yours.

Sir Froll. No—no—onely my Wife, Sir, that's all—

Beauf. His Wife! gad I have made a fine business on't.

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Brain. His Wife? O Lord!

Sir Froll. Give me patience: Does Sir Frollick *Whimsy* live to be thus abus'd! no, the Sword shall right me—the Sword shall plead my Cause—the feeble impotent Cuckold shall make a feeble impotent Coxcomb of you: Expect it. As for her part I'll spoil her Chapel-meeting. This is her going to Prayers—By this light she shall pray no more I am resolv'd on't—and, for you, Sir, I'll be with you instantly. *(Exit.*

Brainw. Now does he look like one that's just apprehended for stealing sheep. 'Tis well Fornication is no Felony, if 'twere, o'my Conscience that Countenance wou'd go near to hang him—

Beauf. Had ever Man such Fortune! such Crowds, such Degrees of damn'd Chance—gad, I believe the Devil is grown Conscientious, and makes me spoil all my Designs, out of a meer Principle of Kindness—if he had let me had the Money, perhaps I might ha' been contented—but now, in spite of him, I'll go on—I'll weary him at his own Weapon Malice. I'll instantly go and meet *Olivia* in her Walk the back-side of the Bowling-Green, Then make my peace with *Isabella* by a Letter, and so proceed as occasion serves. Come, Sirrah, you might have hinder'd this if you had not been a dull Rogue—but, come your wayes with a Pox to yee—

Brainw. Ay, come—with all my heart—s bud, I am in a cold sweat. *(Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Frollick, his Sword drawn, Sir Lubberly following.

Sir Froll. Come, Sir, come on Sir—sa, sa——Why where are yee? Why don't you appear? Sa, sa

Sir Lub. W. What a Devil—What's here? my old Uncle Fencing with his own shadow—ha, ha—was there ever such a Coxcomb? D'ee hear, Uncle; Don't kill him, 'twill be Murder—Uncle; ha, ha, don't kill him——

Sir Froll. Where the Devil is this Rogue now?

Sir Lub. W. Rogue, why hang'd—hang'd——Uncle, hang'd last Sessions: But come, if you have a mind to breath your self turn to me——Come, your point—your guard——Come, you shall see what I can do.

Sir Froll. What you can do?

Sir Lub. W. Ay, what I can do. What a Pox d'ee think I can do nothing? sa, sa. There was in your Guts Uncle.

Sir Froll. And there I was on your pate, Sir——*(Strikes him.*

Sir L. Widg. My pate, Sir?

Sir Froll. Ay, Sir, on your Back and Shoulders, Sir——*(Heats him about.*

Sir L. Widg. Back and Shoulders, Sir?

Sir Froll. And will be all over ye instantly, give me patience. This is fine—What you are his Second are ye? I'll Second ye.

Sir L. Widg.

Sir L. Widg. What Second, I'll have you know, I am First and Second too Sir, if you go to that — what a Devil ails him? why Uncle you shoud not strike mun, you shou'd push and push, and then go back, and push agen; what a pox you lay on as if you were Thrashing.

Sir Frol. I thank your self then, for interrupting a man when you see he's in passion —

Sir Lub. Ay, a man had need be in passion indeed, that fights with his own shadow — ha ha-ha!

Sir Frol. The Rascal is got away — but I'll be reveng'd of him, if he be above ground — and you there Medly of Clown and Fool; What I warrant you, you have left my Lady alone now?

Sir L. Widg. No but I han't — The Monkey is with her — I left 'em both mumbling of Chesnuts in the great Parlor.

Sir Frol. Did you so, incorrigible Dunce?

Sir Lub. Look now — you are the strangest man — what a Devil wou'd you have me do? she can talk of nothing but of White-washing and Painting — and can talk of nothing but St. George and the Seven Champions; and what a pox, what discourse shall we have?

Sir Frol. Discourse — Sir, she expects none — Do not vex me; Consent to marry this Widow, and go about it instantly, or look for no favour from me.

Sir L. Widg. Why, what a damn'd unreasonable thing is this? now that a man must be forc'd to marry a Witch *Volens nolens*, whether he will or no — pox, I'll hang my self rather, I'll never — nay a wether'd old Witch — a Bawd too it may be.

Sir Frol. No matter if she be; she has the more experience, and though her Face is homely, her Bags Sir are comely; her 1000 *l.* a year is beautiful — Come, I'll have no more delay — either go and address, stick close to her, and quickly too, or I'll make a better profit of my guardship then you expect, and so I leave you to consideration —

Sir L. Widg. Stick close to an old Woman! what an unnatural fool is this — well, this is ever the fate of us young Heirs: let our Fathers, leave us never so much, either by our jilting Wenches, unconscionable Tailors, or cheating Guardians; gad we seldom come to possession. If I do marry this old Gipsy now — I shall be a wretch-Rogue, and if I do not marry her, I shall be a poor Rogue. Let me see this old, and crooked, and monstrous ugly — but then she has Gold that's young, and pretty, and surprizing — but then agen, she has a Tongue will make a man deaf, a Breath that will blast him, and 1000 imperfections more, and that's the Devil — but then agen, she has 1000 *l.* a year, and that's good — but then a pox, she has Rubies in her face, which shows she drinks Brandy intolerably — but then agen, she has a fine Ruby in her Cabinet that drinks none; but then agen, she's craggy and tough, and can never be a good Bedfellow; but then agen, I may keep a Wench that can — ha ha

22 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

ha ha! I vow that last thought has refresh'd me extremely—And dear Money, most pow'ful Riches, thou hast overcome me; for thy sake this Hagg shall be Courted—for thy sake will I pass this dangerous Rubicon, and for thy sake, call this decrepid, antiquated Megera, the blooming Miracle of Nature— (Exit,

SCENE II.

Enter Beverley and Jenny Wheadle.

Bever. By heaven 'tis true; the Rascal fac'd me down, that his man gave me the Ring this morning, and also gave my man his Watch, when neither he nor I saw either of 'em.

Jen. Wb. This must be some strange mistake sure —

Bever. Mistake her not, if he had staid a little longer, I had paid him in other coin than he expected; as for your part, I may chance to get another for ye—I mean, if my humor hold, and you appear as pleasing to me the next time I see you, as ye do now.

Jen. Wb. I imagin'd some great uncertainty would attend, if you were to promise any thing; and the pride you have in thinking ye can judge of Beauty, is always far beyond your good Nature, in bearing with its defects, for you'll be sure to be eager in condemning a Woman, if she does not look well, but are very slow in commending her if she does —

Bever. No 'faith—I always speak my thoughts freely, 'tis true, I would not willingly have my applause bestow'd on ill subjects; but you I'm sure have no reason to resent it, for I have always been favourable to you —

J. Whead. You never rail'd at me in your life I warrant.

Bever. Never but when I was drunk, and then gad if't had been Treason 'twere all one.

J. Whead. Then since you see the plague and inconvenience of that odious crime, why will you not desert it, why will you venture to drink agen?

Bever. A pretty question faith, prethee ask a big-belly'd woman that scap'd death narrowly the birth of her last Child, why she would venture agen: why I tell thee 'tis as natural to us as to thee, Lying, Drunkenness is the Souls Carnival, where the noble Essence has liberty to range and divert it self, uncontroul'd by the severe Rules of Wisdom, Nature, Religion, or Honesty: why would I drink agen, there's a question indeed?

J. Whead. I wish you could leave it off for all that—but now to our Love affair—be sure to come in disguise, when next you visit me; for I have often observed a fellow prying up and down near my window, and guess he's a spy that your Wife has hired to watch us,

Bever.

Good Luck at Last.

23

Bever. I believe no less, and will therefore follow thy directions,—
How now?

Enter Amble.

Amble. Sir, my Lady is come back agen I believe, suspecting something, and is just coming into the chamber—
(*Treading.*
hark, you may hear her.

Bever. The Devil is in her, sirrah! run out and hold her in discourse a little—Come Madam, step into my study here, and be sure make no noise, in in—quickly—
(*Shuts her in.*

Enter Olivia.

Oliv. A saucy Groom—what—stop my passage—but I am apt to believe it was done by Order. What Sir, are you frightened at my presence, you make such a fumbling about the Lock—pray, if I may presume so far, let me know who it is you have shut in there—That you take such care to conceal—

Bever. Why a young bashful fellow, a student of my acquaintance, that is gone in to read a little.

Oliv. But to be lock'd in, by your favour, is a little odd, pray what's his reason for that—

Bever. Melancholy Madam, he's much given to melancholy, besides he desir'd that he might not see you.

Oliv. Not see me!

Bever. Ay—he says he's ready to swoon if he sees any Woman after dinner—and for my part, you know I cou'd do no less than grant his request.

Oliv. Not see a Woman— he should have little of a Student in him by that—but doubtless this is some dull flegmatick country Clod, whose hard fisted Father, thriftily getting about 200*l.* per annum, in hopes to make his successors Gentlemen, has plac'd this stripling in the Inns of Court, where he has learnt to swear modishly, scrape a scurvy Lesson or two on the Violin—wear tawdry Clothes, kiss his Laundress—but never pay her—rail at every thing, and understand nothing—

Bever. Gad ye are very free methinks Madam, with a person you don't know—but let me tell you (think what you please) the person within inclos'd, is a very ingenious person, ay, and a very handsome person, and though at this time, a Melancholly, Philosophical person—yet a person that is generally as good company, as any person in Christendom—gad I'll say that for her.

Oliv. For her—what then, this is a she-Student all this while—
What her Sir? what her?

Bever.

24 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Bever. Her — why him or her — 'Tis all one — what a pox, any man may mistake a word — Confound it, I have spoil'd all —

Oliv. Come Sir, your Artifice is too weak, now the discovery is so plain, and I am resolv'd to see this Philosophical Gentleman e're he goes to secure all — Let me peep in, and if there be a man —

Bever. If there be, why what a Devil dost think I'd tell a lye? on my honor 'tis a man, a dull poring Melancholly Rogue; a Fellow-Commoner.

Oliv. Base man — now I am too sensible of your lewdness and ingratitude, and be confident I'll be reveng'd at full — for from this moment, the duty of a Wife, and the reserved behaviour incident to that name, shall be as far from me, as Constancy from thee. Now by yon Sky it shall, I have sworn it.

Bever. So — I thought 'twould come to this. Well Madam, since you have discovered the business, recall your patience, and wink at it. 'Tis my first offence, and who knows, if you shew good Nature now, but it may work upon me —

Oliv. Wink at it — What be your Bawd my self! oh Confusion! have I been bred with such Integrity, taught Virtue from my Cradle, practis'd it, supply'd the office of a Wife with credit, and ne'r did action that could taint my Innocence — have I been this, to be at last a Pandrefs — What, catch my Husband with a whore, and wink at it?

Bever. S'death! Cease your noise, or by heav'n I shall grow angry.

Oliv. No — from this moment I'll be free as Air; let my self loose to gaiety and pleasure, wanton and wild as Mercenary Creatures — I will Sir, and to give you some reason to believe it, know that there is a Gentleman, one *Beauford*, (a name you are acquainted with) newly return'd from Travel, one who has lov'd me.

Bever. The devil! *Beauford* return'd? and you intend Madam to invite him hither, that he and I may be good company together — hah —

Oliv. Not for your company Sir — whilst I have a Closset in my Apartment to entertain him in; And if he is not as glad to learn Philosophy of my teaching, as your Female Student within there is of yours, the Devil's in't.

Bever. Is it possible that I can be patient, and hear this Madam? do not presume too much upon my temper; for assure your self, since you have thus far provok'd me; your Insolence has taken away all guilt on my part, for what ever priviledge I take, I am sure you plead by a contrary Charter, and must own bondage.

Oliv. Bondage — I laugh at it — no Sir, you cancell'd your right in that, when you broke your Marriage vow, and let those frozen fools own it, whose souls are too narrow and spiritless to revenge their injuries, mine shall be free as thought: I'll plot the manner

Good Luck at Last. 25

manner instantly, and my proceedings shall to after ages, prove a Law for all wrong'd Wives to plague their Husbands with:—

Jenny reads.
Bever. Excellent! Is there a greater fury than a virtuous Wife?
no, not in Hell, I am confirm'd in't.

Oliv. But, why is this Peerless Creature obscur'd all this while?
this compound of Impudence, Lust, and sophisticated Beauty, flatter'd by the Devil's Pencil, to please ye for an hour, and created by him to abuse ye for an age. What dare you not let me see her?

Bever. Yes; gad thou shalt see her, if it be but only to vex thee—
Come forth my Love—fear nothing, I'll protect thee.

Enter Jenny Wheadle.

J. Whead. Oh let me not come out—she'll kill me!

Bever. By all that's good, who hurts a finger of thee, had better ne'r been born: now look your fill Madam—and when you have done looking, know I love her.

Oliv. Oh that we were alone! thou wretch?
Runs at Jenny, she
J. Whead. Oh save me! save me!
Runs behind Bever.

Oliv. Death and destruction; he kisses her—who's within there?
Mr. Amble

Enter Amble.

Amble. Here Madam.

Oliv. Mr. Amble come hither, I ask you pardon for my late passion—I have observ'd you long, and have believ'd your merits far above your fortune—pray come hither, nearer yet—here is a Ring I love, I freely give it you; start not, but take it—*(Takes hold of him.)*

Bever. How now sirrah; whence springs this Impudence?

Amble. I beseech you Madam—Oh Lord Sir, I cannot help it.

Oliv. What a Coward—flinch! come nearer I command ye, there's my hand, kiss it.

Amble. Oh Lord Madam—*(Trembles, and looks on Beverly.)*

Bever. Sirrah—be gone, or I'll run my sword in your Guts.

Oliv. Stay, or I'll cut your Throat—Kiss it I say—

Amble. Oh I beseech you Madam!

Bever. Dog, still here?

Amble. Oh I am gone Sir, I am gone—*(Runs out.)*

Bever. Very well Madam, I see you can find ways to divert your self, without troubling your Modesty—in which pleasant humour I'll leave you to your Coachman, if you please, and part from you with as little regret or concern, as I would from the Orange-wench in the Play-house—Come my dear, come—*Exit Bever. and J. Whea.*

Oliv. Well Sir, and I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee; and thou
E my

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my Virtue will not let me do it the right way, yet I'll make thee as jealous as if I did. *Beauford* shall be the man, I shall find him in the Walk—nor can I doubt my wit upon so fit an occasion.

Husbands such niggards of their Love are grown,
That the poor Wife that should have all, has none.
But pining sits, with her allowance small,
Whilst rampant Mistresses get the Devil and all.

ACT III.

SCENE *Chelsey.*

Enter Beauford and Brainworm.

Beau. **T**Hat row of Trees I remember. Yonder's the Bowling-green, Come sirrah. This is the place.
Brain. Where 'tis ten to one, but we shall be well cudgell'd, and so return home agen, like fools as we came.

Beauf. Cudgell'd! why you cowardly Rascal; who should cudgel us?

Brain. Who? why Piccaroons Sir—Land-Pirats, that are doubtless looking for Prize, as well as you.

Beauf. Sirrah—thou art a cold spiritless Rascal, and only swaid by the motions of thy fear: but these are Trifles to men of wit and courage, pray—how came ye off with your last business, did you deliver my Letter to *Isabella*?

Brainw. Ay there's another—I had like to have made a hopeful journey of that too. Yes Sir, I deliver'd it.

Beauf. Well—and what said she?

Brainw. Why, after she had snatch'd the Letter from me—she calls to her Footmen to go and whip that impudent Rascal that came to trouble her, where had not my legs been my best friends—I had been ty'd to a post and slash'd as good for me.

Beauf. Ha ha—I find this was her cunning, her Husband was upon the sent—but see who comes yonder—ha, it must be *Olivia*; oh the charming Rogue how she shines—sirrah not a word now in contradiction, I charge ye—for tho I am a little unlucky sometimes, according as the wind sits, yet for making a Court to a Lady, I defie all *Europe*, gad go go, your distance—

Brain. I think there are no men with her, that's one comfort.

Enter

Enter Olivia and Lidia.

Lidia. I see he has pick'd the meaning out of your Letters —

Oliv. 'Tis he; Now would I give 20 Guineys, my Husband were by to hear the harangue betwixt us.

Lidia. So would not I, for this object would so nettle his jealousy, there would be no enduring him — I vow methinks, he's a very handsome person, and I believe of a good Conscience.

Oliv. A right Town-Gallant Madam; if those are your conscientious persons, and one that wou'd as soon address to your Ladyship, if he knew the advantages he should get by it, as any one in Christendom. Prethee observe his demure countenance — I see Sir, you will take no warning; you will venture a great deal of my anger, to enjoy a little of my company.

Beauf. No Madam, 'twas rather that I might enjoy a great deal of your company for a little of your anger — Ah! did you know the languishments, and heart-breakings I have suffer'd for you — well, 'tis gone and past — and heaven forgive you.

Brainw. Ay and you too — ha ho — heart-breakings quotha!

Oliv. 'Tis as destiny pleases to order Sir. But methinks the Beauties of Paris, and the success that always attended your endeavours, should banish these resentments from you: I know the little Love you had for me has been dead long since —

Beauf. Why the Devil take me Madam, if you are not the only person I adore, and hourly die for.

Brain. S'bud! every one he has met these six months, has been that only person to my knowledge —

Oliv. You have deserv'd better I confess — but Sir, in this age, Merit like Wit, is never paid the applause due to it, till the owner be past receiving — For my own part, I am as comfortless as you, and as destitute of a Remedy; for my Husband is grown the unkindest man in the World to me.

Beauf. Ah damn 'em Madam, they are all so now-a-days —

Oliv. He keeps a Wench under my Nose; nay, is not so contented, but he lets me see her; and courts her before my face — pray give me your advice now Sir, is it not reason that I should be reveng'd of him for this?

Beauf. Reason! ay — gad, the profoundest Philosophy in the world, has not half so much reason in't —

Oliv. I knew it must, See now, what an extraordinary blessing a man of judgement is! had you not assur'd me this, I vow I should have been fearful how to proceed.

Beauf. Ah, Madam! would you but take my advice, you should find one Kind humble servant of more worth than Twenty resty peevish Husbands — a Husband, Madam, is the meer Bank-rupt of

28 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Love; he scores for all he has without ever being able to repay a penny—but, a vigorous Lover still brings ready Money—here's this for that, without fraud or design—And, gad, a plain-Dealer in Love is as necessary as in Merchandize, there ought to be no goods delivered out without a just Exchange to the full value—

Oliv. Well, I see you are owner of so much Wit and Reason, that I am resolv'd to discover my Design to you—And also to desire your assistance—

Beauf. Assistance—so—D'ee hear that Sirra. (to Brain.)

Oliv. For, since no fair means, entreaty—nor Love, can make my Husband leave his lewd Courses, I am resolv'd to see what Jealousie can do, to which purpose you shall be my Gallant; Address to me; Court me; Sing—Cringe—Bow—Swear, and be very Modishly foppish before all Company, which gallantry I will receive with as ridiculous an affected behaviour, as a Mail-Lady—an overture with Mr. Such-a-one, after a Midnight Affignation with my Lord—

Beauf. Ha, ha, ha—very well—I vow to gad, Madam, very well.

Brain. Ay, ay—she's your own, Sir—She's your own—

Oliv. But see the Sun declines—I must be gone, have a little patience, Sir; and, if you think your time well employ'd, be here about an hour hence; perhaps there may a Messenger come that may guide you to a place where we may discourse further; but, for the present, let me entreat you to be gone, here's company coming.

Beauf. Your humble Servant, Madam—I'll be as punctual as the minutes—Come, Sirra— (Ex. Beauf. and Brain.)

Oliv. It would be now a doubtful question, whether any Woman, but I, would not make use of this opportunity; he, I find, imagines the business half done already; and, there are some of my sex that I believe would think it great pitty, that troublesome Vertue shou'd dash a Man's hopes that means so well, and is so willing to revenge their Injuries. Heaven! of what corrupted Natures are these Men, especially when they come to be Husbands: But mine is sure the worst of all; There's nothing can reclaim him. However, he shall not think I resent it, for, in appearance, I'll be as careless and as wild as he—I've a Plot upon his Mistress too—'Tis here well forg'd, I am sure, and, I hope, will prove lucky— (Exit.)

Enter Sir Lubberly and Boy.

Sir. Hroll. Well, Sir, Have you consider'd, on my Imposition? Have you fixt your resolution to Court this Widdow—

Sir. L. Widd. I have; I have consider'd her as the very seething pot of Iniquity; and my self the Ladle of Discretion, ordain'd to coole her when she boileth over.

Sir Froll.

Sir Froll. But will you Marry her ?

Sir Lub. Marry her — a pox o' that word, I never hear it, but it gives me the Gripping of the Guts—Could you not have nam'd any thing else—I'll lye with her, and that's all one.

Sir Froll. No, no, Sir; there must be marriage in the Case—

Sir Lub. Well—the Devil take her, I will Marry her then; I will do't in spite of her intollerable Age, and more intollerable qualities; for, to tell you the truth, the Devil and I have been drawing Cuts for this two hours, and the Change has alwayes falne on my side.

Sir Froll. Oh you are merry, Sir I am glad on't, and I assure you, Coz, this Consent of yours pleases me well: alas—what I do is for thy good, Child—and, let people say what they will, the Lady is rather to be admir'd then condemn'd—

Sir Lub. W. I never knew a Witch that was not admir'd; Ofr what fine thin hair she has—what a delicate low forehead, what little pretty ferret hollow eyes, and what a tall and stately nose? then she must be very harmless, because she is toothless; then how thrifty must she be, that is so old? and how virtuous is she like to be, of whom no man can be jealous?

Sir Froll. Right, as gad save me. Thy sentiments of her are right—

Sir Lub. Then there's Counsel and Gravity, and Dullness; and then little or no Lechery, which, alas, in young ones is too predominant; besides, that ancient Cornuted Philosopher instructs us well—give me, says he, a Pippin that's wither'd like an old Woman, and a *contrario sequitur Argumentum*, give me a Woman that's wither'd like an old Pippin—

Sir Froll. An excellent Morral 'Faith—for, Sir, I have wrought the Fool finely; for, by this means, wanting heirs to inherit, the Estate must of necessity fall to me—ha, I think here she comes—Come Coz—let us not miss this opportunity.

Sir Lub. W. 'Sbud—how my heart pants now—here, Sirrah, take this Book, be sure to prompt—when I am out, d'ee hear?

Boy: Yes, Sir.

Enter L. Beardley, Isabella, Lidia, Tiffick, and Letitia.

Letitia Sings.

Sir Froll. Stay, here's my Wife, and Company with her—perhaps she may be busie—stand by, and observe a little—Come, out with it Lettice—I like it well—

30 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,
SCOTCH SONG.

1.

SAwney was tall, and of noble Race,
And lov'd me better then any yen,
But noo he liggs by another Lasse,
And Sawney will nere be my Love agen.
I gave him a fine Scotch Sarke and Band,
I put um on with my awn hand;
I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
Yet Sawney will ne'ere be my Love agen.

2.

I rob'd the Groves of all their Store,
And Nosegayes made to give Sawney yen;
He kist my Breast, and fain would do more,
Gude feth methought he was a bonny yen:
He squeez'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Kneee,
And Carv'd my name on each green Tree;
And sigh'd and languisht to ligg by me;
But now he ne'ere will be my Love agen.

3.

My Bongrace, and my Sun-burnt Face
He prais'd; and also my Russet Gown;
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace,
Of some lew'd Quean of London-Town.

He

He gangs and gives her Curds and Creame,
Whilst I poor Saule sit sighing at beam ;
And ne're Joye Sawney unless in a Dreame ;
For now he ne're will be my Love agen.

L. Beard. Very hot—soultry hot upon my honour—phoo—
my Lady *Whimsy*—How does your Ladiship, resent it? I shall
be most horribly tann'd.

Isab. 'Tis warm, Madam.

L. Beard. Oh hot! hot—I am ready to fry—good lack-a-day,
how strange is this—Mrs. *Lidia*—pray feel me! pray feel my
pulse—gad forgive me how it beats, I see I must Purge and let
Blood—

Tissick. Marry does it, like one of five and twenty—I assure your
good Ladiship.

L. Beard. My Lady *Whimsy*, Mrs. *Lidia*, pray feel, I protest I
never felt the like! Why who would think this of one of my
age?

Lidia. 'Tis very strange indeed Madam; so is your Complexion
too: For my part I have often wonder'd how it was possible for
your Ladiship to preserve your Beauty so long—

L. Beard. Truly, Mrs. *Lidia*, it has been a wonder to many—but
art is a rare thing—you must use art, Mrs. *Lidia*, if you would
look attractively, and live long—*Tissick*—give me my Carra-
ways.

Isab. What Art I beseech your Ladiship?

L. Beard. Nay, 'tis worth your knowing in troth. Why Madam
—the Face preservative is, to be sure to suite your Ingredient to
your Complexion—your Tawny, or Olive-colour'd skin would
look better if it were White; Therefore White must be added: Then
your pale dead Tallow Colour requires a Tincture, and it must have
it, 'tis very necessary, and no more discredit to ye, then 'tis to wear
a piece of thin Gold for the Kings Evils or a row of Ivory Teeth,
when your own have uncivilly left their habitations.

Lidia. So now shall we have a Description of her own Imperfecti-
ons and Deformity, by a Mysterious advice how to shun e'm—

L. Beard. Defects in Nature, Madam, must be supply'd by Art;
'Tis not onely requisite, but Customary—and 'tis the knowledge of
what ingredient is most natural, is the main cause of being beauti-
ful—why now I alwayes use a certain blew reflection to my face.

Lidia. How, Blew?

Isab. Mercy on us.

L. Beard. Blew, Madam—and sometimes when I am sick and
out of order, Black and Blew are very convenient: 'Tis a little
strange

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strange to you, I warrant — but my complexion requires it, and I always consult that.

Lidia. Nay, any one that sees your Ladiships face, may easily guess your great knowledge in these matters.

L. Beard. Some observations Mrs. *Lidia*; some observations: I have not, I think, been backward in procuring the good of my Neighbors — pray let me look on ye — hold up your head — a little more — ay, 'tis so — a Phillarot would set off your Face extremely —

Lidia. 'Twould make it Olive-Colour indeed, if you call that setting off.

L. Beard. Olive-colour! ah, you are ignorant Mrs. *Lidia*, Olive-colour! 'Twould make it ruddy. Ruddy! there's your Complexion! Why that, which you have on, spoiles your face instead of beautifying it — I have some Powder in Boxes at home would do ye a kindness if you would use e'm.

Ifab. Have you not a great care Madam — least some of those Boxes should come to publick view — you know that would not be for your Reputation —

L. Beard. Care, Madam — yes, I warrant ye; never doubt that: For, if a stranger comes into the Room — whip — they'r gone in a moment — and now you put me in mind on't, in troth I was damnable frightened once about such a business.

Lidia. Were you so?

L. Beard. Ay — I Swear, most strangely frightened, it makes me ready to tremble every time I think of it — I'll tell you how. 'Twas sitting one day dressing my — 'Twas before I was Marry'd, and I think truly 'tis now about Five and twenty years agoe — sitting, as I was saying, dressing my head, my Husband, who was then a Servant to me, and one, that though I say it, laid as close seige to me as any man in Europe could do — he, I say, stole softly into the Room, and stood just behind me —

Ifab. As you were dressing your head?

L. Beard. Ay — but I presently turn'd back, and being extremely surpriz'd to see him — thinking to mend all, snatch'd up my false head of Brown hair, and Curl'd Tower, that lay by me — (For, to tell you true, my own was ever of a scurvy colour) and, gad forgive me — in haste, put it on the wrong way — ha, ha, ha, Oh heaven! What a Case was I in — I look'd for all the World like one of the Satyrs in a Pastoral — ha, ha, ha —

Lidia. I vow this was a strange Misfortune indeed — but, What said the Gentleman? Did he not laugh soundly?

L. Beard. Laugh — ay — I warrant ye — he Laugh'd, and I Blush't; and he Laugh'd, and I Trembled — for, you must think, I was most terribly frightened — as I hope to be sav'd — I had like to have

have miscarry'd about it—I was fain to wear an Eagles Stone about me for three months.

Isab. An Eagles Stone?—

L. Beard. Yes, I assure you, the onely Sovereign Remedy in the World to keep young Ladies from miscarrying.

Lidia. Miscarrying! Why, Madam, you say, this was done before you were Marry'd. For heaven's sake what does your Ladiship mean?

L. Beard. Gad forgive me, what shall I say now?—Did I say before? pray, pert Mrs. Lidia, remember your self, Did I say before? I said after we were Marry'd I assure you—

Enter Sir Frollick, Sir Lubberly, and Boy.

Sir Froll. Come, Sit, now I think we may venture—My Lady Beardly, in all Joy and Duty, I kiss your Ladiships hand—in the next place give me the favour to introduce my Nephew here, Sir Lubberly Widgeon, a man of good quality and parts, and one that will be proud to be grac'd with your Ladiships acquaintance—

L. Beard. I am his humble servant, Sir. (Salute.)

Sir Lubb. Well, there's no such Kissing, as where there are no Teeth.

Lidia. Come, let us take this opportunity to get away, Madam: We'll wait for your Ladiship in the next walk.

L. Beard. Your Servant, my Deares, I'll oblige my self with your sweet company incontinently. (Exit *Isab.* and *Lidia.*)

Sir Froll. The Cause of my waiting on you, Madam, is to inform you, That this Gentleman—loves you—

L. Beard. Ha, ha, ha—I protest, Sir Frollick—you make me laugh—Love me—why 'tis impossible—alafs, Sir—I am old, I am old.

Sir Froll. Your age has been cautiously consider'd, Madam: and, tho' my Nephew be backward in these matters, and unwilling to break the Ice himself. Yet, he knows as much for his Inches, as any man on this side Rome, I'll say that for him.

L. Beard. Nay, verily, the Gentleman has a very hopeful Countenance; your Jolt-head—long Ears, and sober Sheeps look never failes. He should be a Barrister by his Physiognomy.

Sir Froll. He has some Knowledge in the Law indeed—besides, Madam, he has travell'd most parts of the World, and can discourse of the Manners and Customes of Nations very elegantly—ah, he has scap'd great Preferments very narrowly.

L. Beard. Well, Sir—I wish I were younger for his sake, then perhaps I might say something.

Sir Lubb. Madam, for ever I'll inclose you here, with the Circuit of this Ivory pale—What's next Sirra?

Boy. You'll be the Park.

Sir Lub. I'll be the Park, and you shall be the Deer:

Feed

34 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Feed where you will, on Mountain, or in Dale,
Graze on my lips, and when those Hills are dry—
When those—Hills are dry—are dry—hum—are dry;
What's next you Dog?

Boy. Stray farther where the pleasant Fountains lie—

Sir Lub. Stray further where the pleasant Fountains lie.

L. Beard. Very well---I vow there's a great deal of pleasure in being Courted, I Swear there is--- Come, *Sir Frolick*, pray let us walk down the next walk---here's Company coming, and another time, *Sir Lubberly*, more of this if you please---but, let the next be in Prose I beseech you---

Sir Lub. Prose! Well---it shall sweet Queen; sweet old Queen it shall---any thing to please thee my Dear *Landabridos*. (Exitunt,

Enter Beverly in Disguise.

Bever. So, now to my Mistress; in this Disguise I think I need not fear being Dogg'd by my plaguy-Wife, or any of her Setters; for she's as Revengeful and jealous as an *Italian* that has trapan'd his Wife in Masquerade---Gad, these Wives are unreasonable Creatures, as headstrong as wild horses, and as unconscionable as a *Jew* to a *Christian* that owes him money. Marriage is a meer Game at Bowles: where the Wife is the Jack, to which, 'tis true, all our endeavours should tend. But, how unreasonable is it to expect an excellent Close cast, when the Bias of our Bowles run clear another way--- Ha----- sure that's *Beauford*: 'Tis so, what makes him here?

Enter Beauford and Brainworm.

Beauf. I think she'll esteem me for a Man of honour: I am sure I am very punctual, as Faith 'tis true, I ever was in these Cases--- Sirrah, look up that Walk, and try if you can see any body coming--- Now, Dear *Olivia*, keep but thy word, and I am blest for ever.

Bever. *Olivia*! on my life here's some Intrigue or other going forward---it may be I may make a Discovery.

Beauf. Oh, here comes one I believe that will release my Doubts.

Brainw. He does look as like a Pimp as another man, that's the truth on't---I believe Don, you may venture on him.

Beauf. Have you no Message to deliver Friend, to a Gentleman that was to be walking here? no Ticket, nor Appointment, nor no such thing? hah!

Brainw. From some distressed Lady, or Damsel, that is Destitute of suitor, or so? No tidings, Friend; no tidings?

Beauf.

Beauf. Peace, Sirrah: Come, I'm sure I'm right, thou art the person.

Bever. Why, Faith Sir, I have a Message to deliver.

Beauf. Very well; a very honest Fellow, Faith; here's money for thee.

Bever. No reward, I beseech you Sir, till you know whether I may deserve it or no? for I must know your name, and by some token or other, that you are the right person, before I can discover any thing.

Beauf. And all the reason in the world faith——gad a person of great Conduct, and understanding this——I see she's cunning; she chooses her man for these affairs. Well, to make all things clear friend, in the first place know my name is *Beauford*.

Bever. *Beauf.* So——oh my propitious fate——

Brain. And I am known by the Name and Title of *Diggory Brain*—worm of *Booby-Town*, in the County of *Hampshire*, Yeoman.

Beauf. Keep your distance, sirrah! then as a secure Token, Friend, that I am the true, real, appointed individual person, know that *Olivia* your Lady——and my goddess——about an hour since met me here, where after a world of happy raillery betwixt us, she bid me wait her here, and promis'd about this time to send a messenger to conduct me to her——hah——What think you now, is this token enough?

Bever. Enough in conscience Sir, and I am now confirm'd, you are the right person, and may therefore be free in the relation; Know then Sir, that my Lady waits for you, she is alone Sir, and the cuckoldly Fop her Husband is abroad Sir.

Beauf. Is he! the fool abroad——ha ha ha!

Bever. Ay ay Sir! go on, go on and prosper——ha ha ha! i'faith you are a happy man.

Beauf. Ha ha ha——thank thee heartily faith; gad thou art a very obliging person——but thy Lady shall be good to thee upon my account.

Bever. On his account——very good; oh how my heart beats for revenge——

Beauf. Here's fortune now Rogue! here's fortune! well - I forgive all my ill luck past for this day's happy success, and is she alone, say'st thou? and is the cuckoldly Fop her Husband gone out?

Bever. Gone, gone Sir, the coast is clear, and you may go and plunder the wealthy Magazine without controul; he Sir! alas she can quickly pop him out o'th' way, when she has any private design——besides Sir, I was assistant in the business——for you must know Sir——I hate him mortally——

Beauf. Dost thou? why then the Devil take me, if thou art not the civillest fellow that ever I met with——here; prethee let me be a little grateful to thee——gad I shall be ashamed of my self else——

36 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Bever. Not a penny if faith Sir, det me beg you not to offer it.
Brain. Well — This is certainly the first pimp that ever refus'd money.

Bever. But come Sir, come away: methinks I long till you enjoy your happiness.

Brain. Ah dear Rogue, land so do I too faith: Here's fortune now Sirrah — here's fortune —

Bever. Hah! a Wag, you shall have her; wag you shall have her.

Brain. Ah dear Rogue, I am bound to thee for ever —

Bever. And poor Cuckold shall be lock'd out — ha ha; ha!

Brain. Haha ha! ay no matter, no matter; let him! let him! Fox; what should dull Husbands do with such blessings?

Bever. Ay, right, right, what indeed? come, come, go with me, I'll place you both conveniently — ay wag wag come along.

Brain. Thanks my dear charming Rogue — here's fortune now, here's fortune — *Exeunt.*

Enter Servant. Log you bus —

Serv. My Lady sent me with a message to a Gentleman in these Walks; and the devil of any living creature I can find, but an old Woman a knitting — faith I'll e'en go home agen; oh I think yonder he is —

Re-enter Beverly. I had I thought, and now I know the right person, and now I have the relation I want —

Bever. So, now I think the Fox is shar'd, and cunningly, and shall accordingly be us'd, e'r he gets free agen — hah — This fellow must certainly be her messenger. 'Tis so — I know him now, but I'll hinder his discovery immediately —

Serv. Sir, Sir, — My Lady saies for you — Oh Lord my Master!

Bever. Yes Rascal 'tis I; your design is discover'd. Sirrah you come to convey *Beauford* to my wife?

Serv. Oh good Sir forgive me, I did but as my Lady command- ed.

Bever. Well; to make you amends now, do what I command you, take no notice of my Disguiss — but tell your Lady that I dogg'd you and *Beauford* to the Garden-house — and as soon as he was entered — lock'd him in. Do this faithfully, or expect not to live a day — For if I find thou fail'st in the least scruple, hadst thou a thousand lives, thou shouldst loose 'em all.

Serv. Oh — I will be very faithful Sir.

Bever. Away then, and now for my revenge — I have this *Beauford*; whatever my Wives designe was in this business — he I find, had a down-right-rank; lewd intent — for which I'll reward him; I'll instantly order my servants to be ready, and whipping, and

pumping

pumping, tossing in a Blanket, — all that malice, or ill nature can invent, I'll inflict upon him — Let him hereafter demand what satisfaction he pleases.

And since to cuckold me was his intent,

I'll act that Cuckold in his punishment.

Exit.

ACT. IV.

SCENE Pallace Garden.

Enter Beauford with a Blanket wrapt about him, and Brainworm in his Shirt, and a Petticoat over him.

Brainw.

O H Gadsbud! Were ever poor Intriguers so used? all my bones are out of joynt, and I ye as if they were no kin to one another. 'Tis well 'tis a calm morning, for a little puff of wind would certainly shake me to pieces.

Beauf. 'Sdeath have I us'd Intrigues so long, know all the quirks and quiddits from the Maid to the Matron; and at last I've to be whipt, and toss'd in a Blanket?

Brainw. Ay, here's fortune you know Sir — here's fortune! You'd forgive all your past ill Chance for this happy hour — Well, I shall be hang'd; I am certain on't — your damn'd luck will never leave me but at the Gallows?

Beauf. Sirrah! leave Condoling — now 'tis unnecessary, and let us plot how to repay this affront; *Olivia*, as I was just now inform'd by her Woman, was not at all accessary — This was her Husbands revenge, who it seems dogg'd her Messenger — but how should he know that I was concern'd?

Brainw. Your old friend the Devil, no doubt, gave him some private intelligence — and if the Truth were known, assistant too — For the Rogues were shap'd like Furies. And bless us! who knows but they might really be so?

Beauf. By their unmerciful usage of us, 'tis true, we might guess 'em Furies — I am sure the greatest Devil in Hell, could not use me worse.

Brain. They mounted me into the Air like a Cat — I was half an hour a falling — besides, my Sex is chang'd, I shall never be my own man agen whilst I live, nor my Wives neither — There's my sorrow

(weep.)
Beauf.

38 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Beauf. My Sex I think is not chang'd yet—but by yon Sky I'll have it chang'd with all the speed I can. I'll cross my luck one way or other, I am resolv'd on't—Come firrah we'll to the Tavern; a brisk bottle will ripen our Wits for Invention, I can get that upon Tick.

Brainw. To the Tavern! ay, we are in two pretty decent habits to go to the Tavern in, are we not? Ounds! how I could curse that Quean Fortune, for putting this affront upon the top of my Family—To th' Tavern quotha? Why we shall be taken for some of the Wild Irish that come to pilfer and steal, and so sing the Second part to the same Tune, *Of Beating and Kicking*—

Beauf. Faith it may be so—hush, I think here's a man coming out of a House.

Brainw. A man! Pray Heav'n it is not the Beadle.

Enter Sir Frollick Whimsy and his man.

Beauf. Sir Frollick Whimsy by heav'n, but 'tis impossible he should know me in this garbe, and if he questions me, I'll counterfeit an Irish man, and gabble in that Language.

Sir Frol. Is there no Law for Corruptions in these Cases? shall a Rascal presume to cuckold me, and shall not I presume to have his Life or his Money? give me the Rascal, I'm resolv'd on't—how now? What are these that sneak about my door at this time of the morning? What are you firrah? hah—

Beauf. Aw Cram-a-cree—ee be a pauvre honest Irish-man, and Chris shall save thy good face.

Brainw. 'Sbud what shall I do now? for the devil a language can I speak but *Pedlars-French*.—

Sir Frol. An Irish-man—a Rascal I believe—And you there firrah, what Countreyman are you?

Brainw. Mo gortogal agi agan aga Highi Lagand Dugutch magan.

Sir Frol. A Dutchman, a Thief I believe, both Thieves as gad save me, and come to rob my house.

Beauf. Oh-hone—a Teef, a got pless thy sheet coontenance, ee ne'r was Teef in Englands, o-my saul Joy, eet vas in Irelands, and Teef is very fine Trade there.

Brainw. Thegeef, thogou lygyft igin thygy throgote.

Sir Frol. What does the Rascal call me goot? (*Strikes him,*
Give me patience, here's rare impudence! come firrah, come you back too. I'll make you (*Strikes Beauford.*) know the respect due to a Knight, and a Justice of Peace—Within there—call *Toby Scribble* my Clerk hither, I'll see thee soundly slasht, as gad save me, I'll do the King that service—the poor rogues have no Money I think.

Beauf. Will-a-loo, oh hone, o hone; 'sdeath what shall I do now?
this

this is worst of all, for if he discovers me, I shall be whipt to death.

Brainw. Ay, ay, here's fortune too Sir, here's fortune; oh!

Sir Fro. Sirrah stand there, and hinder 'um from running; ho, will no body hear me?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What is't I see! *Beauford*, and in this strange ridiculous disguise—ha ha ha——

{ Beauford and Brainworm make pitiful signs of discovery to Isabella. }

Beauf. The Devil, this damn'd Jilt will discover me.

Isabel. Ha ha ha! what can this mean? here has some damnable chance happen'd to him, and his Signs are to let me know he wants my help, ha ha ha, lord how he looks! Come prethee my dear, let the poor fellows goe this once, do not defer revenging my injuries by staying to punish these Creatures; 'tis true, they look like very lewd scurvy Rascals, especially, that tall fellow there in the Blanket, but come, for my sake let um escape.

Sir Fro. I will deny thee nothing; go get ye gone ye Curs, and thank this Lady—ye had been swing'd else—and now to my other business, I'll not sleep till I am reveng'd of this rascal *Beauford*, what e're it cost me.

Exit Sir Fro.

Brainw. Oh the Devil go with him, what a fright have I been in!

Isabel. What here still—in my life I never saw two such impudent creatures.

Beauf. Nay Madam, will you not know your poor servant?

Isab. Ha, ha, ha! Am I company for the wild Irish? are vagabonds fit to be of my acquaintance?

Beauf. No Madam, but a friend in Masquerade I hope may.

Isabel. Masquerade! I swear this is one of the newest Masquerading Habits that I ever saw, but I suppose 'tis pertinent to your Intrigue Sir, and doubtless there is some trick in't.

Beauf. Trick, ay, a damnable one too, if you knew all *(Aside.* I must invent something, lest she find the truth on't—'tis true, Madam, there was a plaguy Plot in't as you say: for coming from a friends house about twelve a clock last night, where we had been at supper; a dozen lusty Thieves beset us, and in short, robb'd and tripp'd us; for what could we do against a dozen you know?

Isabel. Thieves, and a dozen of 'um?

Brainw. Thirteen by this light; I beat a dozen of 'um my self.

Isab. Did you? Why who could rob you then?

Beauf. A damn'd lying rogue, he beat 'um—he was bound, and thrown into a Ditch, and had not I helpt him out had been fir other'd, sirrah, not a word more for your life; I wonder for my part we were not both kill'd.

Brainw.

40 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Brainw. And so do I too faith.

Beauf. But come set your wit at work, and contrive some way that I may be rid of my Mantle de la guer there; and then I am wholly devoted yours.

Isabel. For your man I have a habit, but I swear I know not how to contrive for you, unless you will make shift with that my Brother, a *Russia* Merchant left with me, when he went to Sea.

Beauf. Pox, any thing rather than this Blanket, let's see't,

Isabel. Come in then softly.

Brainw. Ay, ay, come, that I may get rid of my Parliametic Robes too; 'sbud I hope this garb will come in fashion e're long, there's many as ridiculous, that has ——— *Exit Brainw.*

Enter Olivia in man's Cloaths. *Lidia.*

Oliv. Now prosperous Fortune, if ever thou wert indulgent to an injur'd Woman, assist me, and if there be a subtilty natural to our Sex, that's capable of revenging wrongs; Husband be sure of the effects—I've now a double Cause, my own and *Beauford's*—who has had but a scurvy return for the service he intended; come Sister give me the Vizard.

Lidia. What will my Brother think when he comes home, and finds you have deserted his house?

Olivia. No doubt but he'll be embrac'd, betwixt hope and fear, but my firm resolution makes me negligent of that, 'tis only the loss of my company, can make him sensible of the blessing of it; for the value of a Wife, as of all good things else, is best known by its want. For if once there be a neglect in Love, the gordian knot of Wedlock, will so stretch and slacken, that 'tis ten to one but a witty Adventurer may easily undoe it, to tye a faster in its stead; this was *Beauford's* opinion, who I think has now sufficiently paid for it—but I'm tardy Sister, but no more of this now, be sure to keep council, and expect the happy result of all—farewel. *Exit Oliv.*

Lidia. What a mad fellow is this *Beauford*? wild as a storm, rash, and inconsiderate, and yet I know not what ails me, ever since I saw him yesterday in the Walks—he has been continually in my thoughts; methinks his vices too look less ugly in him than in another: pray heaven these pleasing thoughts breed no heart burnings: he's handsome, and I have folly enough to love a worse face—'tis but venturing, if I am snar'd, I'll silently mourn my fate in some dogrill Ditty, and get out of the Labyrinth as well as I can. *Exit Lidia.*

SCENE

SCENE II. A Chamber.

Enter Isabella, Beauford, Brainworm dressing themselves.

Brainw. Ha ha ha!

Isabella. Ha ha ha—a very pleasant *Metamorphosis*.

Beauf. A Plague, this is more ridiculous than my Blanket, and I behave my selfe worse in this garbe, than an Ambassador of that Countrey does in an *English* one—a pox of your hanging sleeves and strait hose here. Well, that Nation are certainly the most Clowns of all others, they love no variety, as men of Honor should, nor ever change their damn'd old fashions, because they know not how to behave themselves in new.

Brainw. Ha ha! save ye Don Diego, save ye Don, shall I twirl your Manchatoos, or set your Russ Signior? ha ha!

Beauf. Very well sirrah.

Isabel. Ha ha! he looks more awkerdly than a Countrey Grazier in a lac'd Coat.

Brainw. Ay, or a Clumsie Citizen on a Training-day—

Beauf. So Rascal, pray get you to the door and watch the old Knights coming back, and be careful de'e hear? or I shall spoil this mirth of yours.

Brainw. I will Sir—I will—Don—Diego quotha, ha ha ha! Exit.

Isabel. I think Sir 'twill be very convenient for you to go too, for I assure you, I cannot secure my Husbands absence long.

Beauf. I fear him not Madam, he's gone to his Council, to tell him he's a Cuckold, and desire his advice, ha ha—

Isabel. His jealousie will spur him home again sooner than you imagine, and then how your *Russia* counterfeit company will agree with his rough *Italian*, is a greater doubt than you have wit to consider on.

Beauf. Faith Madam, my confidence like my love, is too fierce to be very thoughtful, this only I can say for my self, I have three to one against the ill fortune of his coming, and that is enough to encourage a Gamester. If there do.s a damn'd chance come in by the by, I'll honestly bowl about a curse or two—and patiently suffer under tribulation.

Isabel. But what amends Love or Reward, must I expect?

Beauf. Why you shall have all I have Madam, a hearty sigh from the bottom of my heart, that I am able to pay, and no more.

Isabel. P'rh, I mean from my Husband Sir, but I find this agreement you propose, not worth my Signing to, and so adieu. Exit running.

Beauf. Nay, if I leave thee so, I am a dull rogue indeed—I'm resolv'd to have a parting kiss, come what will on't. Exit.

42 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Enter Sir Lubberly.

Sir Lub. My rich old Widow, I must not be tardy in chace of her, I think t'other two hours chatt will do the business, for she begins to chatter bawdy, and discover her Writings, and 'tis observ'd, when once a Widow does that, she's your own; and faith good Writings, and full Bags, are the strongest motives to raise passion now-a-days, That jolly Poet says—

Face of young Miss is best for keeping Pony,

But the best part of old Widow is her Money.

But come, a little of my Uncles advice will do well, I heard him go in here. *Exit.*

Re-Enter running, Beauford and Isabella after him.

Oh monstrum horrendum! oh my poor cuckoldly Uncle! Oh thou art bob'd, thou art bob'd, sure, never was the like seen, felt, heard, or understood, no never—never

Isab. Nay, *Sir Lubberly*—pray stay and hear me speak.

Beauf. *Hobbia Castilliano Signior.*

Sir Lub. *Castilliano Cuckoldiano Signior*—oh horrid! what in this rampant Habit too? this is intolerable, but I'll publish instantly—I'll divulge, I'll be as loud as Thunder, the Srentrophomical Tool shall be nothing to me—my Uncle shall know, I'll inform him immediately.

*How Beauford like a thief of Foreign Nation,
Has ransack'd, rifl'd, robb'd his Wives Plantation.*

Isab. Fye *Sir Lubberly*, pray have more regard to my Honor, than to have such an opinion. I'll assure you there was no such business in agitation.

Sir Lub. Agitation—O Lord there she is again—agitation.

Beauf. Sir, upon my Honor I was only teaching her a new Sarabrand—I borrow'd this Habit for that purpose.

Sir Lub. What, behind the Bed?

Isab. What a malicious accident was this? *(Aside.)*

Beauf. Peace, I've a trick shall bring all off yet—well Sir, what ever constructions you are pleas'd to make of us; yet 'twill be your best way to be silent, I shall ruine your Amours with my Lady Aunt Beardly else. I assure ye that you shall be no Relation of mine, unless you can hear, and see, and say nothing Sir.

Sir Lub. Oh do not talke of making a breach betwixt me and my dear Lady Beardly, I beseech ye Sir.

Beauf. Shall I trust t'ye then, will you be silent? is your mouth shut up?

Sir Lub. Shut up, ay—as close as a Cockle-shell, not a word of the business: now, though my Mother were concern'd, I'll do any thing

Good Luck at Last.

43

thing rather than break off with my Lady Beardsly: go get in again, goe I say; not a syllable not I—do faith—do—get ye in once more mum—mum.

Beauf. Oh your servant Sir, I have no business there not I, nor had I spoke of this, only you were pleas'd to say you saw something.

Sir Lub. Not I man—I saw nothing; nor can say nothing, I am dumb and blind, a Fool, or a Pimp or any thing, and so fare ye well, prethee get ye in again—mum—not a syllable, not I.

Exit.

Beauf. Ha, ha! I knew there was no way like this.

Isab. 'Twas well you had the good luck to find it out, the fool would else have been very troublesome; but see, here he comes again.

Sir Lubberly Re-enters.

Sir Lub. Oh we are undone, undone—my Uncle is come home, came in by the back door of the Garden, and is just coming up, a pox on him.

Beauf. So I find I must to my Blanket again. Damn'd chance, What's to be done Madam?

Isab. I am at my wits end: *Sir Lubberly*, run you out and hold him in discourse a little, while I contrive something.

Sir Lub. Ay ay, any thing, any thing.

Exit.

Isab. There's no other way Sir for ye, but to counterfeit my Brother *Alexander*, new come from travel, this Habit suits you well—one side of his face was blasted, which was the cause of his wry mouth, and loss of an eye; then he's of a strange waspish temper, this you must strive to imitate; and because my Husband never saw him but once, if you take care in doing this, I'm confident 'twill not be easie to discover ye.

Beauf. 'Sdeath I shall never do it right—I shall betray my self.

Isab. Nay, if you fail in resolution, you are undone—come here's a Temple-patch for your Eye—let's see now, draw your mouth awry and look upon me—very well—now observe to speak pettishly (*Beaufort makes grim faces*) and I warrant he knows ye not.

Beauf. Oh here he comes, now my pennance.

Enter Sir Frolick.

Sir Frol. This plodding fool is never at home when a man has occasion for him—how now, give me patience—who have we here?

Isab. I imagin'd Sir you would wonder at him—why, 'tis my Brother *Alexander*, newly arriv'd from Travel.

Sir Frol. Asgad save me, 'twas a wonder to me indeed—hah—why what a monstrous Habit he has on—Brother, you're very

welcome

44 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

wellcome home ——— I am glad to see you good Brother.

Beauf. The like to you, Sir, the like to you: but, by your leave, Sir, I am a Man of few words, you know my humor.

Counterfeits a wry mouth, and speaks pettishly.

Isabell. 'Tis his way, Sir, you must bear with him.

Sir Frollick. Ay, ay; with all my heart — but, good Brother, How stand your affaires, since I saw you last? Do you thrive?

Beauf. Perhaps I do, perhaps I do not, Sir. I hope I am known to understand my business, Sir; and therefore will take the privilege not to give you any accompt, Sir. *(Sir Frollick sits down.)*

Sir Frollick. Any accompt, Sir — as gad save me, he speaks as if he would fright English out of its wits: but, Why so long, good Brother?

Beauf. I am not hot, Sir; nor cold neither, Sir — What a Pox I know what I am, Sir; and what I do as well as another, if you go to that, Sir.

Sir Frollick. A pleasant humor.

Enter Brainworm.

Brainw. Come, Sir, come away; the Devil's in ye, ye can never leave off in a reasonable time; if the old Cuckold comes and finds you here, you'll remember it as long as your name's *Beauford*; P'le tell ye that.

Sir Frollick. Hah — What's this?

Beauf. Oh confounded Dog — how now, What Rascal's this?

Brainw. Hey day — What new Vegary's this — What a pox d'ee stand making mouth's for? 'Sbud, Is this a time for Mumme-ry. Good Sir, come away — my old fit of the Palsie is come, and I'm sure there is a beating not far off.

Sir Froll. Right, Rascal — if I and my whole Family are sufficient, assure your self ye shall be well furnisht — What, ho — within there. *(Starts up, and draws his Sword, and stands at the door.)*

(Whispers a Servant.)

Brainw. O! gadsbud; What, more mischief still — Sir, I vow to gad, Sir, I was not at all accessory — 'twas he that contriv'd all, and drew me in — however, Sir, I have a pair of Ears, and a piece of my Nose at your Worship's service; to show that I am a very honest fellow, and so forth, Sir — Oh! What shall I do?

Sir Froll. No, Rascal, P'le take no Composition in this Case, Sir. Come away there — Brother, I beg your pardon, they are so tardy — 'tis onely a small Entertainment. I have provided by way of Bastinado, or so. I know what your *Rushta* humor loves.

(Complements the Spanish way.)

Beauf. Ah

Good Luck at Last.

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Beauf. Ah plague of your Compliment: 'Sdeath, no way to escape?

Sir Froll. O now I think they are coming.

Isabell. I see there's no way to relieve him——therefore 'tis policy to secure my self——for, whatever he suffers, 'tis requisite I preserve my own honour———*(Aside.*
Was there ever such monstrous Impudence? by heaven, my Dear, I took him for my Brother, and so Caress'd him accordingly——and that he should prove a Rascal, a Cheat at last, and onely take this Disguise to abuse me——Oh I may thank thy wit and quick apprehension, heaven knows how I had been us'd else.

Beauf. Oh dam her——was ever such a Jilt——nay, Sir, pray hear me then——this Woman——here, your dam'd Wife——

Enter Servants with Batoons.

Isabella. But I'll make ye an Example, I'll teach ye to tempt my Integrity——I will ye treacherous Rascals; come, fall on, fall on.

(Beats 'um, and she takes a Batoon, and helps to beat 'um out.

Serv. Make ready the Wheel-barrow there——Sirrah, we'll hamper ye. *(to Brainworm.*

Sir Froll. Hah, hah, hah — As gad save, this is some revenge however; So — so—well done Sweet heart; well done in troth——thou hast troubled thy self too much dear Rogue, I'faith thou hast.

Isabell. A scurvy Impudent Rascal: What, seek to corrupt me?

Sir Froll. Come, he has his payment——he'll be rampant no more this six months I warrant him——Come, let's go, I'faith I'll kiss thee for this——as gad save I will——come——

Isabell. A thousand to one but I had been trapan'd. Lord! What a wicked World is this? *(Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Pallace Garden.

Enter Beverly and Wheedle.

Beverly. Come, come, ye are false as Hell, and shall repent your treachery: and, whatever you think me, Madam, in matter of Love and Intrigue, I'll confirm my self to be a Man of honour in this, gad I'll be sure to keep my word with ye.

Wheedle. Sooner then to a Man you had promis'd to be second to, I dare swear.

Beverly. Ay, especially if I were to fight for you, or some of your Sister Town-Jilts; gad, a Man's well rewarded that fights for a rotten Orange.

Wheedle

46 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or:

Wheadle. You might have elevated your thoughts a little—but 'tis true, your Talk is suitable to the Company you keep, *Taylor's Wives*, and *Exchange-Wenchers*, who will foother your passion for half a pint of burnt Brandy, and vow and protest you are the lovingst Man they ever met with.

Bever. Very well, you can rally now, Madam; now the Vizard is pull'd off, a man may have the privilege of viewing: this is your integrity in the Devils name, your dyings, your sighings, and your innocence with a Pox tree, but this shall not bubble me out of my reason.

Wheadle. Your Reason's as Corrupt as your Nature — pray recollect your self a little, Sir, let the Fane of your fancy wheele a little about this way, if I am not mistaken matters have been otherwise 'twixt you and me, there was a beginning of Amours--when there was none of this Jealousy, but Vows, and Oaths, and Tears, and languishings, and all that ——— I do remember, Sir, there was such a time.

Beverly. And there was a time too, Madam, when your Mercenary Vice lay in your Eyes, and not in your Tongue, which perhaps pleas'd me better ——— a time too, when you had Innocence, Charms, and Graces, to procure the languishings you speak of: and when I could have flatter'd my self with the hopes of gathering that precious flower, which you Women say you lose—but never any could find, that ever I heard of. I remember there was such a time Madam.

Matilda. And might have been so still had not my too easie nature abus'd me: oh that I had the power of being inconstant, that I might have the power of torturing ye!

Enter Olivia in Mans Cloaths, Maskt.

Olivia. Here they are — and sure, by their strange carriage to one another, have been quarrelling — I'll stand apart and observe.

Beverly. Torturing me — ha — ha ——— prethee do not flatter thy self with things impossible, for my part I must confess my self a true Rover ——— I am alwayes for the pleasure of Love; but, when it comes to torturing, I thank heaven, can as easily cast it off as a shoe that wrings me ——— yet I can love Women, and, to your knowledge, heartily; but, if they expect Tears, Heart-burnings, and such like; Gad, I must beg their pardons, 'tis not my way.

Matild. Ah, you know what a fond fool you have to deal with ——— ungrateful man.

Olivia. So, this suites well with my design, and now good luck, lying, and flattering assist me ——— heavens! What strange barbarity is this? Can any many be so destitute of Nature, Reason, and Humanity, to draw Tears from so incomparable a Beauty? Ah, charming Creature,

Creature, too pretious for mankind, since us'd so cruelly ! What Adoration can atone this Crime ? Life is too poor, too mean a Sacrifice.

Bever. How now ? What a Devil have we here ? a young Masquerade, that hopes to ingratiate himself by taking her part—Harkee Sir, your absence will be very necessary ; for to stay and proceed further in this business, will perhaps be more dangerous then you imagine.

Olivia. Dangerous——Sir, I love danger——my name's *Dangerfeld*——O from the dangerous minute of my birth, danger has been my chief Companion——you shall alwayes find me ready, Sir, to prove that danger you speak of——but first, fair Creature, a word with you.

Bever. 'Sdeath, this is the most impudent young Rascal that ever I met with ; Sir, be gone, or I shall be provok'd too——

Olivia. Nay, Sir, be Civil, as you're a Gentleman——I'll speak but a word or two with her, and then am wholly at your Service : Madam, though my hatred to this Gentleman makes me disguise myself from him, 'tis fit you should see the face of your humble Adorer.

Wheedle. By heaven a sweet Creature !

Olivia. Ah, be *Wheedle* bright Creature, to let my hearts first oblation be its Martyrdome ; Why should a Man, inconstant as the Wind, that lives in Heaven, and yet not knows his happiness, and rather flights his goddess then adores her, be owner of such Treasure and I want it ? I that have lov'd ye with a heart so passionate, more nobly fixt, more constant and more kind than Love can frame in strong imagination ? and, Is there no return, no reward, no answer ?

Wheedle. There is, there must——Oh gods ! my heart yields faster then he has time to storm it.

Olivia. My Fortune's I can boast as great as his and my desire to serve ye far more : besides, in stead of his base impure love, I'll greet your beauty by the name of Husband ; I'll cure your mangled fame ; So well I love ye, I'll Marry ye.

Wheedle. Marry me ! Oh happy sound——and ten times happier, coming from so sweet a Mouth——Marry me ! Sir, I'm yours, and will be yours for ever and ever, nothing shall part us Marry me ! not time, nor destiny, nor any thing my dear dear——but, Will you marry me indeed ? Oh heaven ! this is the Joyfull minute I e're knew : Will you be sure to marry me ?

Olivia. Most certainly ; there's my hand on't.

Wheedle. I affectionately kiss it : Some Gold and Jewels I have of my own too, and they shall all be thine, dear Creature——Oh heaven ! Shall I be marry'd at last ?

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Beverly. A very fine business this: but, sure I shall put a stop to the proceeding, I must not lose her so for all my fooling. Hark ye, Sir, I suppose you that know so well how to get a Mistress, know as well how to defend her — come, draw Sir. draw.

Whcadle. You see the Advantage you have of me by my short Sword, and therefore doubtless speak this; but, I conjure ye, if ye are a Gentleman, or a Man of honor, and courage, defer the matter, and let a Duel decide it too morrow morning.

Beverly. No, Sir, delay is ever a friend to Cowardize, and therefore I'll not oblige ye with it: but, to let ye see I am a man of honor and courage — there's my Sword for ye — now give me yours, and let us fight — come, come you trifle, Sir, your Sword, your Sword.

Olivia. Hold, Sir — and now stand — a little further — dam me, stand off. I say, Sir, the Antients did allow pollicy sometimes to be prefer'd before valour — now, I think in pollicy, 'tis fit I enjoy this Lady before I fight for her, or else being kill'd, where's my reward? Therefore, have a little patience, Sir; too morrow you shall find me ready in this Plain Field, near the Bowling-Green, till when I give you leave to live, and meditate: but, this Lady must along with me.

Bever. Oh infamous Cowardise! 'Sdeath, Sir, you will not serve me so?

Olivia. Even so, by this good hilt, Sir. Nay, keep your distance too, or I shall give you such a mark, Sir — shall make you wish you had stood farther off, Sir — now does my fingers itch to swing him a little — I'm sure I shall never have such another opportunity.

Bever. Hell and Confusion — was ever man thus us'd — Sir, for shame, for shame be more a Gentleman, and consider your reputation —

Olivia. Come not nearer Sir — — Sa — sa — sa: by Heaven I shall tickle ye if ye do.

Whcadle. Ha, ha! I swear this is very pretty.

Bever. Is there no remedy — How now, Who comes here? *Beauford* — 'Sdeath, this is worst of all.

Enter Beauford.

Beauf. Oh Plague of Intriguing, I say — my Bones are certainly all broke, methinks I can hear 'um rattle as I go along — how now, Who's this? —

Olivia. *Beauford*, as I live, that has had no opportunity of going home since his Disgrace — but has made shift with a strange habit. I'll go and discover my self to him; 'twill be some part of amends for his late misfortune.

(Goes and Whispers him.)

Beauf. And

Beauf. And, Is that your Husband d'ee say—Oh how I long to be at him. Lend me your Sword, Madam, I'll revenge my self immediately.

Olivia. No : I'll have no fighting. — I have given the poor Fellow his life—therefore must protect him—but, Sir, Is there no way to revenge your self but by the Sword ? methinks there should here's his Mistress whom I have also conquer'd — sure methinks there should be a better way Sir, then fighting.

Beauf. Madam, I humbly thank you for refreshing my memory—for, I vow to gad I had clearly forgot the other way. — hah — his Wife and Mistress both in my power — faith, here's occasion for revenge enough, that's the truth on't — Sir, you have the good fortune to scape me now, and, I think, have some reason to be glad on't ; I had seconded your Blanket entertainment else I assure ye — but there's other matters in hand now — this Gentleman, this Lady, and I, have some private business together, Sir, and so farewell t'ee —

Olivia. Ha, ha, ha — how he looks — this happens as, I could wish — and now dear Wit I thank thee. *(Exit.)*

Bever. Shame and Anger ties my tongue up ; but, I'll not sleep till I am reveng'd, though the performance hazard my life and fortunes. *(Exit.)*

Enter Lady Beardsly, and Tisick sitting smoaking.

Tisick. And is too morrow the day — good Madam.

L. Beardsly. Alas, I am afraid so, Sir *Lubberly* has no patience — I know he will never leave tempting me till the business is done : and I swear I tremble as much as I did at Fifteen, when I was first Married, I vow I do.

Tisick. Truly I think your Ladiship perhaps has some Cause ; for, in my opinion the Gentleman is too young for ye.

L. Beardsly. Too young for me, in troth no — not an hour too young : marry, would he were younger, I could bear with him I warrant ye — there are two things alwayes further these Marriages — (Youth and Money) for, if they were not young, we would not Marry them — and under the Rose, *Tisick*, an we were not Wealthy I'me sure they would not Marry us — how now, Whose there ?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, Sir *Lubberly* is come to wait on ye.

L. Beardsly. Od's my life — here had like to have been a surprize

Tisick. *breaks the Pipe.* Some Musk quickly to sweeten my breath — and reach me hither my Box of Writings — So, so ; I Vow I was terribly afraid he should

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should have found me smoking Tobacco—hum——500 l. due on this Bond at Michaelmas.

Enter Sir Lubberly Singing.

*For he that a Bonny Brisk Widow will Wed,
Must Ransack her Coffers, and creep to her Bed.*

How does my dear Lady and Wife that must be——what, perusing——well I have been with Sir Timothy Picklecase, and the Settlements are almost drawn; the happy hour is approaching, 'tis coming, Rogue, 'tis coming.

E. Beard. Your Servant, dear Sir Lubberly, I protest ye make me blush.

Sir Lub. Those blazes influence the heavens, and give a radiant tincture to the Morning; Madam, you are the very Cinthia of perfection.

L. Beard. And you the Phebus of Wit and Gallantry.

Sir Lub. Madam, your Person is Natures Essence Bottle, and your mind the Mirror of Virtue and Discretion——but now we are talking of Essences——hugh——methinks here is a scurvy smell of Tobaccoe.

L. Beard. Oh faugh——do not speak of it, Sir——
(*Get ye gone baggage*) *[Aside.*

Oh, if I smell Tobaccoe I swoond immediately——*(Exit Tisick.*
hugh——Sure you mistake, *Sir Lubberly*——I smell none——

Sir Lubber. Hah—gad I'me sure I think I smell it———but; no matter, now to our business: Shall too, morrow be the day? Shall I be happy——

L. Beard. Alas, Sir, I must needs show the Widows failing. I have not power to deny ye any longer.

Sir Lubber. Hah not? and, Shall I possess all?——and, above all thy excellent Person——without controul at Board, Bed, and so forth, ha——

L. Beard. Ay, what you please, Sir——alas, I'me a poor weak Creature; but, I know, you'll be as kind as you can, Sir.

Sir Lubber. Kind——the Fat Frier to the Black-brow'd Nun shall not be kinder—we'll never quarrel——nor throw Tongs and Candlesticks at one another, as the Custome is, but live and Coo-together like two Turtles.

L. Beard. So we will in troth——and, for my part, I'll never scold,

Sir Lubber. And I'll never be Drunk——unless it be with thee, and then you know it will be Convenient.

L. Beard. I

Good Luck at Last, A 51

L. Beard. It may so, it may indeed: but, there's one thing more my Dear, that I must beg of thee. Do not keep a Whore; do not faile that way. Let me be sufficient——Alas I know I shall be loath to spare thee. Therefore keep no Whore I beseech thee.

Sir Lub. Well, I won't, I won't: come, I'll resist temptation for once——I'll try what I can do——and yet gad a Whore would be very necessary——but, for thy sake I'll strive against the grain——come, I will keep no Whore——I will oblige thee. Thou shalt serve

L. Beard. Why, blessing on thy heart!! and, when I faile in my task, I'll give you leave to ramble: why never was such a Couple as we shall be now—we'll nothing all day but talk, and chat, and look upon one another.

Sir Lub. Ay, and sit together in two lin'd Elbow Chair's by the fire side—and at night tell old stories——then drink a dose of *Mirabitt*, go to bed, and snore heartily, and never rise till Twelve the next day.

L. Beard. No, not till three, if you think fit; in troth I am transported strangely——I did not think I should ever have seen such happy dayes agen——I vow 'tis very comfortable——then, Sir, wee'll live

Sir Lub. And sing perpetually.

L. Beard. And kiss everlastingly——Shall we not Sir?

Sir Lub. Ay, ay——kiss——why wee'll do nothing else the first Moneth. Come hither to me, come hither to me my dear old Queen and let us incorporate.

L. Beard. Ah dear Sir! well, I protest my heart's at my Mouth.

Sir Lub. Come away then to Church immediately——Gill say grace, and then fall too.

And let all judge whil'st thus we are entwined;

If ever pair were fitter to be joynd. *Exeunt.*

H 2

ACT. V.

52 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

ACT V.

SCENE *Palace-Garden.*

Enter Olivia and Wheedle.

Whea.

PRethee my dear, defer my bliss no longer, oh how I long for the happy minute that is so compleat my Joys I methinks each hour is a day, and each day a thousand ages, I vow I'm afraid you begin to repent your promise.

Olivia. Never fear it, and since you are resolv'd to venture, goe and fetch me the key of the Cabinet, where your Jewels are, as you promis'd me, and then command me what you please.

Wheedle. I'll fly swifter than Thought, and am glad any price can purchase thee. *Exit.*

Olivia. Ha, ha, ha! alas poor silly creature, if thou didst but know what an insufficient—what a sign of a Husband thou wert so eager of, thou wouldst think the purchase dear at the rate of a gilt shilling. Sure never was creature so fond, she haunts me where ever I goe, smiles when I smile, and is sure to be melancholly when I am so, and then is eternally vowing perpetual Love and Constancy. Nay, and what feeds my revenge high, and pleases me most of all, is, she is now going to deliver me up all her Jewels—those very Jewels which my Husband has given her, as the price of his impure Love;—and this is so full satisfaction, that my wishes are all bound'd—here comes *Beauford* too, whom I must confess I have us'd but scurvily, in so long delaying the reward due to his passion, but 'tis his misfortune, for the only satisfaction he desires, is the only thing I dare not grant him. Well Sir, what now?

Enter Beauford.

Beauf. Madam, I have waited so long for the happy minute, and have had so little satisfaction on your part, that 'gad I can forbear no longer—what though Love did not induce you to recompence; methinks, in conscience you might a little consider my necessity.

Oliv. Ha, ha, ha! well, I say Sir, how poor are they that have no patience.

Beauf. Ay gad, I say, how poor are they that have all patience, and no reward for't.

Oliv. Reward—sye Sir, come do not give me cause to think ye Mercenary, do all things free and generously; when service comes to be

be paid once, where lies the obligation?

Beauf. And when Love Madam—like hoarded mettle, lies rusting, and is almost spoil'd for want of use, where lies the pleasure or profit?

Oliv. Bring but your recompence within the list of Honor, Reason, and Virtue, and there's my hand, I'll be more free than your wishes in the performance.

Beauf. Ah dear Rogue——on this white Altar I could eternally pay my hearts oblations—but a word more of Virtue and Reason, and I swoond, my Teeth chatter already; 'gad 'tis like swallowing an Hiccup just after a man has drunk a comfortable Elixir to warm him. But Madam, in strict sense, what greater reason is there, than in charitably saving a poor young hopeful fellow from the grave; or what's more like a Woman of Honor, than to be punctual in keeping her word?

Oliv. Cuckoodding ones Husband is a glorious point of Honor, I must needs say.

Beauf. And so it is, and necessary too, as your case stands; let me tell you that Madam, virtue has nothing to do here, you are to follow the dictates of Love and Revenge, without the consideration of what is right or wrong.——As in a Duel no man of Honor or Courage invited to be Second, stays to debate whose Cause is best, but boldly pushes on at all adventures—and makes his friends Life and Honor equal with his own; he that coldly stands in niceties or punctillo's, is a Craven and no Cock of the Game, I'll answer for him.

Oliv. Well then, since 'tis decreed, and that I am to pay so dearly for your service, I'm resolv'd to have my penny worth out of ye, therefore listen to my Commands, which obey'd and perform'd, perhaps I may come to terms.

Beauf. Oh very well.

Oliv. My Husbands Mistress is so passionately in love with me, that she has discover'd all her secrets, and is now gone to fetch the key of her Jewels, that lye in a Cabinet at her old Lodgings, and your assistance I shall want in the conveying them hither; I had design'd you should have share with me, but since my Love is the only Reward you expect, that other profit must be wholly mine.

Beauf. Ha! Jewels! gad such helps would be very necessary, as my condition stands, her love may be won at more leisure——nay Madam, if you are resolv'd to keep your vow, I cannot be so barbarous to——

Oliv. To infringe it, I am not willing——hah——

Beauf. No, not for the world Madam—but these Jewels how are they to be purchased? for you know 'tis not requisite for me to goe thither my self.

Oliv. I have consider'd it, therefore your best way will be to seek out my old Servant, he that I sent to you in the Walks, he's an honest

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nest fellow, and I'm sure will be very careful in the performance; stay you here, and I'll send her to ye with the key, this perform'd, my revenge is compleat; and I'll instantly write a challenge to my Husband to meet me this evening at my Lady Beardsly's: perhaps now he finds his error, he may reform, if not, the Wit and Honor of the enterprize rewards me, and so farewell to Love and Matrimony.

Exit.

Beauf. Hah! Jewels! gad, this happens well, for my late extravagant expences have put me damnably out of Cash—and this seasonable recruit, just in this juncture, proves very happy—well, I see I have some propitious Stars, though they are commonly clouded.

Enter Brainworm, a Letter.

How now sirrah, What's the news?

Brainw. News, so, he has found it out already, sure there is something very like a Pimp in my Physiognomy, for I never went about a bawdy business in my life, but if my tongue did not discover it, my looks did, and that's all one—would I had burnt this Letter, for ten to one but my bones must pay postage for it, the contents are doubtless Harbengers to another beating.

Beauf. Sirrah, no more grumbling, but let me know the business; how now, What's that, a Letter you have in your hand there? come let's see't, let's see't.

Brainw. A pox o' your Eagles eyes.

Enter Beverley disguis'd.

Bever. Revenge, as it is the solace of wrong'd spirits, so 'tis a benefit design'd by Heaven, to shew the difference between the brave and coward: 'tis the Cordial drop that sweetens the injuries we have receiv'd, and gives us courage to repay 'em; if I should now rashly fight with *Beauford* about this, she would then be forwarn'd, and I should frustrate my designe upon her—no, I'll first pursue the effect of this disguise, I shall have Duelling hours enough hereafter—hah, and as good fortune happily orders it, yonder he is—now Cunning, Malice—Mans best Wit, and Womans damn'd Hypocrisie, I implore your assistance.

Beauf. Ay, here's your excuse, here's your melting expressions; what she did then sirrah, was upon compulsion, and against her Will poor soul.

Brainw. Compulsion, ay that's a fine sham indeed; 'twas a pretty entertainment faith, to cudgel our bones out of Joynt, and then send word she did it upon compulsion, compulsion in the Devils name.

Bever. What! my dear, noble, and most accomplish'd spark of fortune

fortune, is it you? i'faith I am o'er joy'd to see ye, gad I was afraid I should never have been so happy again.

Beauf. Hah, my good and trusty old friend, let me embrace thee.

Bever. Ah dear Sir!

Beauf. Why this is an excess of fortune, too happy for my hopes—for I was just now sending my man all o'er the Town to seek thee.

Bever. Why, what blessed chance had I to come so opportunely! Well Sir, and how came ye off with your last business? i'faith I heard the ill-natur'd cuckold us'd ye very ill.

Beauf. Ah most damnably, o'ons I was beaten plaguily, and then tost in a Blanket.

Bever. A Blanket! why what an unnatural chance was that? 'sdeath is it possible that so witty, so amorous, and so politick a man as you, should have such damn'd Foot-boys luck to be tost in a Blanket? as I live 'twas intollerable.

Beauf. 'Twas so — but I thank fortune I have now the power of revenging my self sufficiently, for I have at this time both his Wife, and Mistri's in my custody, besides a third benefit, which out-weighs all; which thou shalt know presently.

Bever. How, his Wife too say ye Sir? oh Devil!

Beauf. His Wife, rogue, his Wife, and she is in so quaint a disguise, that i'gad I desire him to find her out, if he has only instinct to make his discovery.

Bev. Death and Damnation. — I shall ne'r have patience. (*aside*). Why this Sir, compleats your happiness, and I doubt not but you have made use of your time — Well, was she pliant — is the business done — hah —

Beauf. No faith, to confess the truth to thee, I have been a little tardy in that business — and she has hitherto always put me off — but then it has been with so many smiles, and with such a soft languishing Air, that my hopes are as great as ever, besides, 'tis now bounded with an affair I am to do for her: ha, ha! sirrah, there are Jewels in the case, Jewels which *Beverly's* Mistri's has given her, in which I'm to share, I thank him for being so bountiful.

Bever. Jewels too, Sir — now fortune be constant.

Beauf. Jewels, and of Considerable value, all that that Coxcomb was so long troubling himself to bestow upon her, are ours in an instant; she's presently be here her self with the Key of the Cabinet, ha, ha, ha! Oh my gall will break with excess of Contentment.

Bever. A very quaint business, I vow to gad, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Beauf. Now, as good luck would have it (whom I will never blame again, I am resolv'd on't) thou art come exactly at the time to be Messenger, for 'twas *Olivia's* desire that ye should be found out, as the person amongst all her Creatures most fit to be trusted in so weighty a business.

Bever. Ah she's a good Lady, heaven bless her: O Propitious!

Beauf.

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Beauf. For you may go unsuspected to her lodging, and bring all off clearly; but I dare not, for fear of being discover'd; for I hear that Jealous Coxcomb watches for me, as I think he has reason, h'ah, Has he not?

Bever. Ha, ha, ay Sir; but I'll warrant we'll be cunning enough.

Enter Matilda with a Key.

Beauf. Oh here she comes her self with the Key — Madam, this is the honest Fellow the Gentleman order'd to fetch the Jewels.

Wheedle. Well, here's the Key, and pray Friend be careful, for, I assure ye they are of value. (*Beauford gives the Key to Beverly.*)

Bever. I warrant ye, Madam; but, 'twould be more easily perform'd, if you could go a little way and show me the house, for, to ask questions, will not be necessary; do but that, Madam, and for the rest let me alone.

Wheedle. That I will with all my heart; this Maske will disguise me a little.

Bever. Nay, Sir, I would not have you go, for if you are seen all's discover'd.

Wheedle. He says true, stay you here, Sir; come, Friend, and be sure be careful.

Bever. Never fear, Madam — I'll secure the Jewels, and you too with a vengeance. (*Exeunt.*)

Beauf. So, so, this will be some recompense however, for the ill fortune I have had formerly; I see now the Devil has a principle of Civility in him, and will not too much disoblige a person that deserves better at his hand — let me see, What shall I do with these Jewels, hah? gad, I'll convert 'um instantly into Money, all Gold; fine yellow Rogues, and then will so Chine and Chink e'm in *Beverly's* Eares, I'll make him mad, ha, ha, ha! Sirrah, you shall have a new Livery too, and Money in your Pocket, Rogue; you can provide your self a Whore, I think, can't ye?

Brainw. A whore, ay, I'm a fine fellow for a whore indeed; alas Sir all natural motions were cudgell'd out of me a great while agoe, I can hardly remember what makes the distinction between the Sexes a whore quotha, alas — my capacity has not extended that way a long time.

Beauf. Ha, ha, ha! and then we'll row and revel like Emperors; oh Madam, the business is done, I have been diligent you see.

Enter Olivia hastily.

Oliv. Diligent! the Devil, what, and let *Wheedle* be carried away so tamely by heaven 'tis downright cowardize.

Beauf. Carried away, ha, ha! that's a pretty jest indeed, why 'tis your

your man Madam, the honest fellow you bid me discover the business to; she's gone but a little way to show him the house, she'll be here again presently.

Oliv. Oh intollerable blindness and stupidity! this honest fellow you speak of was my Husband in disguise; I saw him pull his false Beard off, and met her dragging her along: Oh I could curse!

Beauf. Her Husband! Confusion, I have made a fine piece of Work on't.

Brainw. So there's my new Livery gone again.

Oliv. Come, pray Sir give me the Key of the Jewels, ten to one but your ill luck will make you lose that too — if I trust ye any longer — come, deliver, I'll do the business now my self: the Key, the Key.

Beauf. So, I'm a very pretty Fellow, 'Faith. (*Stands trembling.*)

Olivia. Ad'fdeath, What a sneaking look is there? — you look as if you were Arraigned for a Rape; and were now going to plead to the Indictment — come, Where is it? What a fumbling you keep — What, can't you find it?

Beauf. Fumbling, Madam, I don't fumble, not I — I am looking, I don't fumble, not I, Madam — would I were in a Sea Fight!

Olivia. What, not yet? — Oh, my prophetick fear — there must be something in this — What's the matter? Speak — Speak, thou vile Creature! Where is't? Still that leering Dog-look — a hundred to one but you've mistook, and given that to my Husband too.

Beauf. I vow to gad and so I have Madam.

Olivia. Ah que sui Malheureux!

Beauf. Ah Mort dieu Jernie bougra. { *Both stamp.*

Olivia. This is the most unlucky could possibly have happen'd; all that my Wit has been so long toying for, lost and ruin'd in a moment: I warrant ye told him too that I was here with ye in disguise.

Beauf. Yes, 'Faith, I told him that too.

Olivia. Monstrous — Why this is meer insatuation — you are the most unhappy person that ever was.

Beauf. The unlucky'st Dog that ever breath'd, as I hope to be sav'd.

Olivia. Well, I have this Consolation however, it frees me from your importunate Adresses; you cannot sure have the impudence to persist after having fail'd the performance of so necessary an Injunction.

Beauf. Faith, Madam, my impudence, like my ill fortune, will never leave me, till it has undone me. I am a very Spaniel, in Love, Madam; the more my ill usage, the greater my passion.

Olivia. Then, to thy terror be it spoken; know (oh most unfortunate person) that I have fool'd thee all this while, made thee a down-right property; and am a very Miser in affection. In fine, Sir, by the way of Advice, let me tell ye — you do but swim against the stream, and vainly dash against the rock of my Constancy; therefore

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fore desist in time, do; Marry, grow virtuous, and love honestly;

*Look gravely, say your prayers, think on Hell,
Your Ill luck comes by Whooring, so farewell.*

(Exit.)

Beauf. Very good — I have been a Stock-fish to a fine purpose 'Faith — think of Hell in the Devil's name; and gad I will think so much on't, that I will keep myself from thence, if possible, least I should happen into thy damn'd company again. And now my eyes are open too; 'gad I begin to find that I am but a kind of a Coxcomb.

Brainw. Oh d'ee begin to find it — 'Faith you might have found it before now, one would have thought, 'thas been visible enough.

Beauf. I have now no Mistribs, and, 'Faith, little or no money; two necessities excellently well match'd; for a Man that has a Mistribs in this Age, and no Money to give her, is like one that sets a Lawyer to Plead without his Fee, whatever happens, his business is sure to be neglected. — I have one stake left however — this Ring here — which, as it luckily came to me, shall now as luckily relieve me — Sirrah, go you to yonder shop, and bid the Goldsmith come hither to me.

Brain. Ay, ay, come, let the moveable vanish, that we may drink a Bottle, and put our selves in heart again. *(Exit.)*

Beauf. This will make a little blaze; and, let the worst happen 'tis but practising Reformation at last, and wheedle my old Aunt into a belief of my Conversion, and then all's well again.

Enter Brainworm, Goldsmith, and Officers.

Oh here's the *Goldsmith*.

Goldsmith. To buy a Ring, say'st thou — in troth it could not have happen'd in a worse time: For, I have just hir'd these Officers to arrest a person, that has lately put a Cheat upon me; but, come, I will have a little patience to do your Master a kindness.

Brainw. Come, Sir, you must dispatch the business quickly, because he says, he's in haste.

Beauf. Here, Friend, this is the Ring — good Stones, I assure ye, and of true vallue.

Goldsmith. Ay, like enough, Sir — by Coxbodikins, the very self-same Ring I was cheated of, and which I made for Mr. Beauford, this was happy fortune I sack; now *Timothy Touchstone*, show thy self to be a Cittizen of Wit and Policy, and cramp this Gallant. And pray how long have you had this Ring, Sir?

Beauf. How long have I had it, Sir?

Goldsmith. Ay,

Good Luck at Last.

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Goldsmith. Ay; How long have you had it, Sir? and, How came you by it, Sir?—Look'ee, Sir, I am a Magistrate, and, with your leave, may ask these Questions: I say, How came you by it, Sir?

(Shows a pocket-Staffe.)

Brainw. A Constable! Oh gads bud I shall be hang'd.

Beauf. Came by it, Sir? why, Sir, my Grandmother left it me for a Legacy; Sir, it has been worn by our Family this 500 year: what a Devil d'ee think I don't know how I came by it, Sir?

Brainw. O damn'd lye, damn'd lye!

Goldsmith. Very well, Sir; the King has a pretious Subject of you, that he has in troth, that can Cheat his Leige People, and carry it off with such confidence——Officers, I charge you in the Kings Name to Seise him——this Ring is mine, he cheated my Man of it, therefore look to him.

Beauf. So, a rare business again.

(Playing with his Hat.)

Goldsmith. What hoa——there——*Peter*——come, Sir, we shall publish what you are.

Brainw. Oh what shall I doe?—now will this plaguy Watch rise up in Judgment against me too—Is there no way to hide it? No contrivance?—Oh that fellows face frights me worse then a Furies. Oh what shall I doe?

(Ties the Watch in his Hat, and puts it on.)

Enter Peter.

Goldsmith. Come ye hither, Sirrah; d'ee know these persons?

Peter. Know 'em, ay, as well as I know my Dame at home, Sir; this is he that had the Ring and this other here Cheated me of the Watch; I'll search, I'll warrant he has it about him.

Brainw. Search what pleaseth thee; but, do not Scandalize the Innocent O Man!

Peter. O Man——What a dickins are you turn'd Quaker o'th sudden, and have the confidence to wear your Hat before Mr. Constable? Come, come, strike fail, Will ye Friend?

Brainw. Look thee Friend; do not involve thy self in mischief, I profess my self to be no respecter of persons—nor will I vaile my Bonnet to any one, no not to the King *profecto*.

Goldsmith. I'll try that Sirrah, presently.

(Strikes off his Hat.)

Oh here's the reason, pray observe my Masters, he has ty'd it in's Hat, a cunning Rogue for ye; come, away with'em; Are you so good at tricks? I'll trick ye.

Beauf. This was your Project, Rogue; this was your Project.

Brain. A pox o' your Projects: Oh, What will become of me?

Goldsmith. Come, come; away with 'em.

Beauf. This damn'd City Rascal has no Mercy—and I see I must send to my old Aunt for her assistance——come, Whether would you have us you Polecats?

60 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Officer. Oh we'll show ye presently—we'll show ye. (Exeunt.)

Enter Olivia and Lidia.

Lidia. And is it all discover'd?

Olivia. All, I swear: and onely by his damnable misfortune, in mistaking my Husband for my old Messenger.

Lidia. Did he tell him you were in Mens Cloaths too?

Olivia. That I think was omitted; he only nam'd a Disguise: but 'twould have been an excellent Scene of Mirth for thee, hadst thou but seen how he lookt, when I first rail'd, and at last discarded him; He was as pale as death, and shook, as if he had an Ague.

Lidia. No such occasion of Mirth, if you knew all. (Aside.)

Olivia. I expect him here at his Aunts presently, and then to observe the harrangue between my Husband and he will be excellent diversion.

Lidia. But, How shall I contrive to be there? I dare not let my Brother see me with you, for I have ever made him believe I was ignorant of your designs; but, if I could be a private Spectator.

Olivia. Private——Why 'tis but pinning up your Gown, putting on a Scarf, pulling your Hood over your Face, and practicing a little the Chambermaids impudent Gate, and you may pass for one of my Lady Beardly's Family.

Lidia. Well; I'm resolv'd I'll venture, if it be onely for the sake of seeing so extraordinary an Encounter.

Olivia. Follow me then; I think I hear some body coming. (Exit.)

Lidia. By this means I shall observe *Beauford's* actions; for I believe I'm allotted to prove his good genius when all's done. (Exit.)

Enter Sir Lubberly, and Lady Beardly, and Tifick,

Sir Lubber. Prithee Woman do not trouble me, I am busie.

L. Beard. Are ye so?—— why then perhaps 'tis my pleasure to delay that business. I wonder Sir Lubberly you are not asham'd to use me thus. Why would you let me fall over the great Forme in the Hall, and not give me timely warning? knowing, like a cruel man as ye are, that the Monkey broak my Spectacles yesterday, going to read a Proclamation.

Sir Lubber. I give ye warning—— why what a Devil are ye blind——Cant ye see neither, this is worst of all, this raises my dislike of ye to an extravagant degree? Why hark'ee, speak in your own Conscience, Can you be so unreasonable to desire me to fall in Love with that *Madrid* Face of yours? come, I put it to ye, Can you be so unreasonable?

L. Beard. *Madrid*-Face, I scorn your words Sir: for, had not Age been a little too bold here, there's ne're a Woman in Christendome has

has a more comely countenance though I say it : come, I would fain know the defects of it.

Sir Lub. Would ye, well, well, have patience, and you shall : Why, in the first place, your eyes are sunk so hollow, that a man had need of a perspective Glass to look into your head to discern 'em ; then your Nose is like the Gnomon of a Dial, which the Sun has warpt for many a year — but what is a continual eye-sore to me, is that intollerable Beard of yours — Why the devil don't you go to the Barbers ? Why don't you shave ? o'ons those whiskers are most abominable.

L. Beard. Ha — alack-aday, it does sprout indeed, *(looks in her Glass.)* this is my purblind Womans fault now, oh fie ! introth, I cannot blame him, this is a little unseemly, that's the truth on t; *Takes out a great but 'tis many a good Womans imperfection, that's a pair of Cizers and my comfort — but come Sir Lubberly, I am the Snips her Beard.* Confort of your bosom, and you should, methinks, wink at my imperfections : consider, there is no wife but has external or internal failings ; ah Sir Lubberly ! you could have wink'd once — you could have born with this face of mine before you had your ends — but now my Nose is like the Gnomon of a Dial. Hah ! well, you verifie the old proverb.

Sir Lub. What proverb now ? come, what proverb ?

L. Beard. *When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be, But when the Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he.* *(Weeps)*

Sir Lub. What a pox then, you make a Devil of me do ye ? hah ? this is rare impudence, but I'll fetch your Similes out ye old Jade.

(Strikes her.)

L. Beard. Help help there, why Sir Lubberly are you mad ? gad forgive me, are you infatuated ? what swinge your wife the first week of your marriage, before the Wedding-shoes are warm, as one may say — oh Villain, Fool, Coxcomb, why thou art like —

Sir Lub. Like — what more Likes still — mum I say — *Tace —* I command ye, as you expect Bamboo should sleep in peace, be silent. *Exit*

L. Beard. Oh woman, woman, what hast thou brought thy self too !

Tis. Come come, have patience Madam, have patience.

L. Beard. Patience — What a Woman of quality as I am, and suffer my self to be thus us'd ? I have made a fine business of it ; in troth I have supported this decay'd frame of Beauty to a rare purpose, if this be the fruits on't ! And yet 'tis no more than what all of us are liable too ; Marriage is a thing we are as greedy of, as a Fish is of a bait, though he swallows his destruction : we cannot help it, it is in our natures, nay, we cannot live without it ; and then too, if we do marry, 'tis to these young Rascals, though we are sure it is not us they love, but our Money ; well, I must do something by way of prevention ; I'll go and invite all my Relations and friends to dinner ;

62 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

it may be good admonition, may work much upon him; if not, my penitence shall be a warning to my whole Sex,

*That they may know how dearly I repented,
That married thrice, yet could not be contented.*

Exit.

Enter Sir Frollick, Isabella, Lidia, with Sir Lubberly.

Sir Frol. How now *Sir Lubberly*, what flinch from your friends, your guests, and Relations — give me patience! this is but an odd way of welcome — what my good Lady in tears too — hah, by my faith this is a little of the soonest *Sir Lubberly*.

Sir Lub. Ah let her alone, let her alone — the more she howls, the less she scolds, you understand me.

Sir Frol. Ay ay, Sir, I understand ye, ha, ha, ha! give me patience: What an intolerable dunce is this Nephew of mine! come no more of this *April* weather; faith this ill agrees with a Bride the first week of her Marriage.

Isab. Especially one match'd so to her hearts content, one that married a young man for the pleasure of his company, and yet having possession, is not satisfied — fie — I swear this can be no fault of his, but the effects of your own ill nature.

L. Beard. Well Madam, mock on — it may be your own case another day, when you come to be old; I as little thought as you to come to this, but you see the consequence of Love and Folly.

Sir Frol. Come good Madam, no more of this, I have an affair to inform ye of. I met your Nephew Mr. *Beauford*, just now in the Constables hands, and upon information of the business, found it to be a very slight matter; and though for my part, all things consider'd, I have of all men, the least reason to stand his friend, yet thinking my self sufficiently revenged on him, and my good nature prompting me to forget and forgive, I took him into the next Tavern to know the truth of the matter, and after we had drunk halfe a dozen bottles, and debated on the matter, I desired the Officer to bring him hither to you to make an end, he is without there, and in my opinion, 'twill be for your credit, to discharge him as soon 'as ye can.

L. Beard. In troth and so I will — who knows — but I may live to have comfort of him — nay Sir, never mump nor lowre for the matter, as gad save me, I will have consolation one way or other, I in troth will I, and there's the resolution of a wrong'd Wife.

Sir Lub. Then there's the resolution of an inrag'd Husband *strikes*
Lydia. Fie *Sir Lubberly*, what strike a Woman? *ber.*

Sir Lub. Woman, hang her, she's no Woman — nor on my conscience was — ah, if I could but create a fancy, or find by any Search,

Search, Art, or Industry — that she ever had been Woman, I could be patient, but to marry a piece of German Clockwork, that only hangs together like Geometry — a Hagg, a Witch of Endor — oh 'tis intollerable !

Isab. But will unmanning your self by beating her, help this ?

Sir Lub. I don't know — it gives my heart a little ease however.

Sir Frol. But see, who comes here ?

Enter Beverly pulling in Wheedle, dressed in a mean Countrey-Habit, and Olivia after.

Bever. Nay Madam, no drawing back, I am resolv'd to have my humour.

Wheed. Dear, Sweet Sir, do not shame me before all this company.

Bever. Confound your Sirens note, I am deaf to entreaty. Gentlemen and Ladies pray view this Creature, peruse her well, she's worth your observation ; this piece of Countrey dirt was once my Mistress, Lady of my Heart, of all my Love, my Honour, whose face made me forget a virtuous Wife, to fawn and doat upon her hypocrisy — I fell in love with her in a Countrey village, where her old Father lived, a peaceful Ploughman, that knew no Heaven beyond a fruitful Crop ; nor Hell beyond foul weather ; there at her Task as she sat spinning, mourning in tears, the slavery of her life ; And those hands that now appear so delicate, then parch'd and Sun-burnt, turning the rude Wheel ; I saw her, pitty'd her, quickly woo'd and won her.

Sir Frol. Very well Sir.

Bever. Brought her to Town, cherish'd her as my life, gave her rich Cloths and Jewels, made her sit at a new Play amongst the greatest Ladies : in Fine, so well I lov'd her, that had she not been less grateful than the Devil, she ne'er could have deserted me.

But mark what creatures Women are

So infinitely vile and fair. — — — (as a person of great Wit and Honor satyrically says) this Devil, whose kindness all prov'd subtilty, mauger all my Favours left me, slighted me, and falling in love with a smooth-fac'd flashy fellow, had the impudence to court him, with the very Jewels I had given her ; but that, as good fortune ordered it. I countermanded, and as the reward of your ingratitude, for ever banish'd you my heart ; and thus in the same gorgeous habiliments I first found you in, have turn'd you loose upon the Common.

*Display the fatal snare, in which men fall,
And shewn proud Jilts, there great Original.*

Sir Lub.

64 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Sir Lub. Gad and prudently done too, for the down-right Devil's in 'um now-a days. But come, now I have another business: I have a Ticket from the young spark I lately spoke of, to meet him here, but am afraid he's too much a coward to keep his word.

-*O iv.* Is he so Sir?

Bever. I beg your pardon Sir, for my suspicion——but come, no more words, let's steal softly off, you understand me.

Oliv. Ay Sir, I understand ye very well, but I know not what's the matter, I'm in so good a humor, that I am now more inclin'd to a reconciliation, than to fighting. Come faith Sir, let it be so, for what is past, I'll make ye amends, and because 'tis fit ye know the person that put that pleasant trick upon ye yesterday, you shall see my face, how d'ye like it? (cummings).

Bever. My Wife! sure 'tis not possible!

Wheed. Hah! his Wife?

Oivia. By heaven very possible Sir, and very true I assure ye; I am that very Numerical person you were speaking of. One that to farther her revenge, has so long worn these fortunate breeches, that she can hardly consent to return to *quondam* Petticoats again; one that has cur'd your jealousy by giving the cause to be so, and lastly, won your Mistress in spite of your Sword, and Policy. But for you Madam (*To Wheedle*) I vow to gad, 'tis an extream affliction to me, that I am utterly incapacitated of serving ye in that manner you, I know, expect, and passionately desire: 'tis alas a cheat Madam, that Nature has impos'd upon our Sex: you must needs think much against my own good liking; yet though I cannot be the happy person, I'll give ye a word to some young spark that can, and I know, you'll like that as well.

Sir Lub. Hark Sweetheart, if thou wilt accept of half a Crown a week, and be content to lye in a Garret.

Wheed. Base treacherous Creature——ah curse upon my stupidity!

Bever. Come to my bosom, thou art mine again——all——all my own, and shalt be so for ever——for from this moment, all base drossy thoughts, that soil'd the life and lustre of my Judgement, shall vanish; and instead of those, thy Beauty, Love, Constancy, and Wit, shall crown my heart——blot from thy breast my faults, and let our union teach the Wild, Roving, and inconstant World, how they should Live and Love, my dearest Creature.

Oliv. This now is like a Husbands love; free as it should be;

*Which mine shall equal, and now I'll boldly say,
Whensoever yours was, this is my Wedding day.*

Enter Lady Beardly, Beauford, and Brainworm.

L. Beard. Come Sir, and pray let me hear no more of these Frolicks, live civilly and orderly——and strive to oblige your Aunt——come, you may if you please, be a comfort to her in her calamity:

We

We are not so near akin, thank heaven, but we may comfort one another.

Sir Lub. Old Joan cease your Clack, it offends my Ear: Cousin *Beauford*, welcome to my house, I'm your Uncle, d'ye see, and there's a respect due; but no words of that, let the old Women chatter to themselves, make thy address to me boy. Come, there's a Collation stays within, pray let's all go and tosse a bottle or two — Coz, give me thy hand, dost hear — see me often — doe — igad, thou shalt be welcome; come Gentlemen, pray let's goe.

Bever. With all my heart Sir, I'll make one, Mr. *Beauford* and I have long been at difference, and many rough Scene has past betwixt us; come, let it end now: for the injuries I have done you, I ask you pardon, and will give you what other satisfaction, you will demand, for those you have done me, I forgive 'um freely.

Sir Frol. And so do I.

Oliv. And I.

Isab. And I.

Brainin. And I, he has got me many a beating, heaven pardon him, I do.

Bever. And further, by way of recompence for loss of this Lady, I promise upon my honor, that any thing (but her) shall on my part be readily render'd, to express the endearments, I desire to pay Mr. *Beauford*.

Beauf. Faith Sir, I am heartily sorry your Complement is lost upon me, but my Brains are grown so watry, and my wit is so thin Sir, with my common Calamity, that I fear I should make but an ungrateful Repartee: I am now studying new Philosophy, and to baffle my future ill-luck, am resolv'd voluntarily to embrace some strange misfortune: that being once at the lowest ebb, the Devil may have no power over me; to which purpose I will instantly marry the most ugly, old, vicious, mercenary creature I can meet with; and if there can be worse luck than that, I am mistaken.

Bever. Ha, ha! this is an excellent humor i'faith.

LaBeard. Why, what a mad fool art thou? have not I told ye that I would stick by ye?

Lyd. And will ye marry any Woman, d'ye say Sir?

Beauf. Any Woman, by this light — thee if thou wilt — and faith, now I look on thee again, thou art a very fit person, and I believe the Devil has sent thee hither just in the nick, to make thy market, come give me thy hand — let thy consent answer it, and here I do promise upon the honor of a Gentleman, I mean an unlucky Gentleman, to marry thee to morrow.

Lyd. I most Religiously accept of it.

Sir Frol. }

and

Bever. }

Hold, hold, we must deny this Contract.

Beauf.

66 A VIRTUOUS WIFE; Or,

Beauf. Gentlemen, 'tistoo late——but stay now, let me consider her a little, by her Face she may be a Witch, by her Tongue a Scold, and by her Habit a Whore——a very hopeful Spouse if aith; but pray cause her to unvail, for I am resolv'd you shall see the worst of her, now my hand's in, (*discovers herself.*)

Sir Frol. Give me patience——what——*Madam Lidia!*

Bever. How——my Sister!

Beauf. Now do I expect some stale, rotten, overgrown Chamber-maid, some eternal Green-sickness, some compound of Paint and Impudence, that has been suffer'd to live, meerly to plague mortality; but come, hang't, I'll stand up boldly, and bear my affliction like a man. Well *Sir Frolick*, my doom is she, a Witch-or-a Gipsy.

Sir Frol. O'ons, are you mad Sir?——why'tis *Mr. Beverly's* Sister, one worth at least ten thousand pounds.

Beauf. What ten thousand pounds?

Bever. Sister, this does not suit your Education.

Lidia. Brother, your pardon, I am now at age, and will not be controul'd.

Oliv. This was more than I expected, but I am glad on't for *Beauford's* sake.

Lidia. What, I warrant Sir, you repent your bargain now? come what d'ye think on't.

Beauf. Think on't! the Devil take me *Madam*, if I am not past thinking; I am all extasie, fear, hope, wonder, but will you really marry me? and are you worth ten thousand pound, is there no trick in't? gad, the apprehension of my late ill luck does so torture me; therefore dear Creature tell me; swear, is there no trick in this upon your soul?

Lid. None I swear——I am resolv'd to marry ye.

Beauf. Not a word more, there's a bargain made.

Bever. *Mr. Beauford*, do not flatter your self; your Estate must be consulted, before we proceed further in this affair, she is my Sister, I am her Guardian too, and have now 6000*l.* of hers in my hand.

Beauf. Have ye so! I'gad I'll have something else of hers in my hands then, by to morrow night, I am resolv'd: and, now I think on't better, your Honor is pawn'd to assist me, and I challenge it as you are a Gentleman.

Beverly. The Devil's in't, that this should happen thus. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, though this be an odd turn in fortune, yet never shall any breach of promise taint my Honor;

*Here take her, She's yours, and now be bold to say,
Midst all ill-Luck, This is your happy day.*

Beauf. Well, if this should be a Dream at last now — but a pox 'tis impossible, I have her in my armes here, and if the Devil takes her from me now, gad he shall take me too. We'll go lovingly together.

Sir Frolick. Come, all's well, all's well: this was a lucky business, faith; but give ye Joy, Sir, give ye Joy.

Sir Lub. Now, if my Granum there and I were reconcil'd too, we should be all Friends; but, How the Devil is't possible, when a Man has such a continual Hagg-look from her? No, it will not be: 'Sbud, me thinks she looks more like a Witch every day then other; I shall be haunted ere long with her Imps, and Fairys; Well, I'm resolv'd to spend all her Estate in comforting my heart up; I'm conscious to my self how much I want it — for,

*He that Wedds an old Hagg, that had three Men before,
Has one Hell on Earth, and another in Store.*

He that Wedds an old Hagg, that had three Men before,
Has one Hell on Earth, and another in Store.
The third Fool I remember
That was fowls for her that leaves Barren;
But, lo! there should be my Mistress here;
To whom I was not graciously appear;
One that perhaps may miss this Dressing;
Marry with a Boy, yet miss the only Blessing;
Who, Master-like, would reap all Grains that grow;
When she shall, as much too old to sow:
The third Fool I remember
That was fowls for her that leaves Barren;
But, lo! there should be my Mistress here;
To whom I was not graciously appear;
One that perhaps may miss this Dressing;
Marry with a Boy, yet miss the only Blessing;
Who, Master-like, would reap all Grains that grow;
When she shall, as much too old to sow:

FINIS

Epilogue.

Epilogue,

By Mr. Nokes, Representing my

Lady BEAR-DLE.

A

*Let your husband see the Widdow's disposition
Now in my hand a fate and pity my condition
At 15 years my heart to Love began, (Weeps.*

*And plac'd it's dearest happiness in Man;
I marry'd, Bur'd, Match'd a second time,
Nay, and a third, Was ever such a Crime?*

My two first Husbands lov'd Wine more then Prayer;
One's Heart I broke, t'other his Neck down Stairs;
The third Fool I Corrupted — a meer Logg —
But, this fourth Rogue here beats me like a Dog.
A decent Curse for her that leaves Bandore,
Paints her Hags face, and Marries at Fourscore:
But, least there should be any Matron here,
To whom I may not gratefully appear;
One who perhaps may quite mislike this Dressing,
Matcht with a Boy, yet mist the only Blessing:
Who, Miser-like, would reap all Grains that grow,
When she, alas, is much too old to Sow:
Fearing her Rage, I'll change my Sex, and then
Cast my Snakes-Skin, and thus turn Nokes agen.

(Pulls off all his Head-cloaths.

Soe State-Fanaticks change to the Party-Royal,
And when they dare Rebell, noe more turn Loyal.

F I N I S.

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